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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1887.

REVIEWS

Oriental and Western Siberia: A Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghiz Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and Part of Central Asia. By Thomas Whitlam Atkinson. With a Map and numerous Illustrations. (Hurst & Blackett.)

OUR generation abounds in travellers of the heroic type. Classical tourists and wanderers in search of elegant emotion and philosophic reminiscence belong to a different order. They meditate among ruins. Stained Grecian marbles, or ideal cinerary urns, or bright rippling Italian lakes, and regions coloured by a thousand years of history, are to them more fascinating than the secrets of geography, the mysteries of vast continent interiors, the tongues of strange races, the flow of forgotten rivers. An old green wall, damp with dew of time in Venice, or the moss that softens to the eye the ruins of some fractured fortress, grey and cyclopean, has more charms than any unknown rock of jasper or chalcedony in the remoteness of Asia, or deserts resounding with the tramp of wild horses, or valley ruled by Sultans whose names have never crossed the silence of unsought wildernesses. But the explorer by instinct has little sympathy with the scenes of immemorial collegiate pilgrimages; to him Florence is insipid, Athens trite, even Petra a place full of English and American echoes. It is in the spirit of Bronovius that he would ransack Tartary; he would be a Telles in Africa, a Marco Polo in the Indies, a Magellan upon the Ocean. Such men are Livingston and Barth, and such is Mr. Atkinson. While the African discoverers were tracing ridges, forest regions, streams, and the footsteps of natives upon the blank spaces in the African map, the artist beyond the Russian borders in Mongolia and Chinese Tartary was widening the limits of Asiatic geography, following the Katoumaia to its source, round two little arches in the colossal Bielouka hill, gaining wondrous glimpses of the Oulan-koun forest, the Aral Noor, and the crests of the Khangai Mountains, and searching for the immense chain of Syran-shan, never before seen by a European eye. It would not satisfy him to be where Levcine, Timkaski, or Erman had been, to tread in the path of Ularis, or to carry the torch of Du Halde.

His seven years of nomadism carried him from Kokhan, on the west, to the eastern extremity of the Baikal, a thousand geographical miles to the north-westward of Pekin; southwards he went as far as the Chinese town of Tchin-si, discovering to all practical intents, he says, the prodigious mountains of Syran-shan, a poetical Ka on the river of Tartary, following the track taken by Jenghiz Khan when he led his savage multitudes from the East, and altogether, in carriages, in boats and on horseback, making a journey of nearly forty thousand miles. Neither the old Venetian nor the Jesuit priests, he affirms, could have visited these regions, their route lying far to the south, while neither Hue nor Gabet, who reached "the land of grass" beyond the Desert of Gobi, penetrated into the country of the Kalas. Thus, Mr. Atkinson claims identification as a successor of the intrepid early Dominicans, for his researches extended beyond theirs, and his narrative contains descriptions of territories never dreamed of by the Author of 'The Edifying Letters.' It is well stored, of course, with incidents of adventure, the explorer having suffered much pain, hunger and thirst, besides running

many risks on account of the jealousy of the tribes whom his appearance startled, and the malignity of the convicts escaped from the Chinese penal settlements. Still, he bore amulets—a special Imperial passport to bend every official neck within the frontiers of Russia, and guns and pistols to impress the nomades of simpler regions.

His travels did not conduct him by a continuous eccentric line from one great point to another: they are literally explorations; his route is traced upon the interesting map which accompanies the work, represents him crossing and re-crossing, winding his way among the valleys, diving to the right and left into geographical abysses, and really gathering materials for a gigantic panorama. If several illustrations in tinted lithography be specimens of his portfolio, he has certainly brought home with him the forms, colours, and other characteristics of a most extraordinary diversity of groups and scenes. Judiciously enough, he strikes at once into the narrative of his more adventurous excursions, passing rapidly from St. Petersburg to Ekaterineburg. Thence he began to find his way eastwards, descending the river Tchoussowaia in a barque of peculiar construction. The ribs were of birch-wood, the planks of deal, without a nail or a bolt in the whole, and with a detached deck so arranged that should the vessel sink it continues afloat like a raft, and the crew escape the risk of drowning. The navigation was rapid, leading through a solitary valley bordered with forests, in which the elk was reputed to rove; but Mr. Atkinson, although he would not penetrate their depths, enjoyed himself in visiting the caverns, sketching the fantastic rocks, eating red-currants, and watching the far-off peaks of the Upper Oural. Upon the verge of Europe he changed his host for a tarantasse, and started through the shadows of the woods; immediately, however, he resumed the route by the river, reached Cynowski Zavod, drank English porter, Scotch ale, and Oranien wine on the threshold of Asia, and was speedily among the uncastled forest lands of Siberia, the pine-tops flaming in the dawn, like the spires of an enchanted city. Here was a region of mines; but the amusements of the people were pastoral, and smiles lit the traveller's way to the summit of that rock whereon the ferocious Vogls burnt their chief alive for discovering to the Russians the magnetic iron ore of the district.

The most magnificent spot could not have been selected for this horrible immolation. The summit of Blagodat is seen as far as the eye can reach, and when the smoke of that fearful sacrifice curled up around it in black and crimson wreaths, thousands of these wild men made the hills and rocks resound with shouts of vengeance and exultation.

Mr. Atkinson's visits to the usulnatche waters and his accounts of Siberian precious stones are interesting, although the ground has been repeatedly covered by previous travellers.

"On this vast estate of the Demidoffs, containing 3,095,740 acres, nearly equalling Yorkshire, Nature has been most bountiful. Iron and copper are appear to be inexhaustible. Platinum and gold are in the upper valleys, and malachite is found there also, in enormous quantities, with porphyry and jasper of great beauty, and various coloured marbles. Their forests extend over more than ten thousand square versts, and are thickly covered with timber. These woods are under the supervision of intelligent officers, who intend to have them cut down in proper succession. It requires a space of eighty years to reproduce timber suitable for the use of the Zavods."

The old residence of the Demidoffs is a magnificent castle, all the rooms of which have

groined ceilings in brickwork, admirably executed; but the family has ceased to reside here, although the princely splendour spread for every stranger with rich vands and wainscot, and vitality not exuberant if we think of the opulence that flows into the Demidoffs' coffers. The entire province is a repository of natural wealth; here jasper, porphyry, and aventurine are wrought into columns, vases, and pedestals; here tables of jasper are elaborated and inlaid with figures of birds and flowers and clusters of grapes, at the cost sometimes of six months of incessant labour, with vases of pink and yellow oolite; here lapidaries cut the emeralds, topaz, amethyst, and aqua-marina, besides beryl, chrysoberyl, and rose tourmaline. Such riches provoke their possessor to luxury, so that we are not surprised to find Mr. Salenemkoi cultivating an orchard under a glass roof, and compelling oranges, cherries, plums, and peaches to ripen in the valleys of Siberia. Mr. Atkinson supplies a sketch of a mansion belonging to one of these lordly miners—

"It is an enormous edifice, forming three sides of a quadrangle, with its outbuildings, and enclosed on the fourth with a wall and iron railing; in the centre are massive brick gate piers and iron gates. This dwelling of a minor noble of the Oural has some of our best baronial mansions look insignificant if placed in contrast with it. The building is of brick, now become black from the smoke of the iron-works, which stand at a short distance to the west. Nor has been finished externally; only a very small part has been plastered, and cement, just sufficient to show the design and details, which are exceedingly bold. The interior has been completed; in the centre, on the ground-floor, there is a large entrance-hall, with a beautiful groined ceiling in brick-work; beyond this is a large room, also groined and made fire-proof, the ceiling well finished with ribs and tracery; the centre window opens to the floor, leading to a large circular portico, from which two circular flights of stairs lead to the upper and lower floors. The whole of this floor is used by the Director for his residence. At each end of the building are two magnificent stone staircases leading to the upper story, which contains the principal rooms: they are most spacious and lofty.

The people here are mighty hunters, but mightiest among them is Anna Petrovna, the scourge of bears—young, slim, firm-footed, pretty, powerful, and active. In girlhood she had sallied out to emulate her brothers, and bring home a bear-skin. It was the practice of this Amazon to track the terrible game herself, and once, hearing that a huge black bear had been seen in a neighbouring forest, she rose before dawn, rode thither, dismounted, and found his trail.

"There was a heavy dew on the grass in the open glades, and she observed that Bruin was taking his morning ramble, his track being quite fresh. Looking to the priming of her rifle, and alighting from her black, she went on with a firm step. The bear had made many turnings on his march, but she followed him with all the sagacity of a blood-hound, and never once lost his trail. Hour after hour passed, however, and she had not caught a glimpse of him. As it threatened to be a long chase, Anna had recourse to her little bear, set down by a small stream and made her breakfast on a piece of rye-bread, washed down with a draught from the pure liquid flowing at her feet. Having ended her frugal meal, she shouldered her rifle and again pushed on. She had ascended long and fruitless walls of mist, however, that she was on his track, she pursued it till she arrived at a bed of high plants, that included the giant fenel, of the flowers of which the bears are very fond. While proceeding along the edge of this bed, a fresh indication well known to hunters, she saw that the long sought-for game was at hand. As she was creeping cautiously forward out rushed the bear, with a loud growl, about twenty yards in front.

Quickly she threw forward the prongs of her rifle, dropped on one knee, and got a good sight. She was almost starting at the animal. She now touched the trigger, there followed a flash, a savage growl succeeded, then a struggle for a minute or two, and her wish was accomplished—the bear lay dead! After taking off his skin, she started in search of her horse, which she found at no great distance; for she had been brought back nearly to the spot where she commenced the chase. She was shortly on her way home and astonished her family, on her entrance to the cottages, by throwing the skin on the floor. Since this time Anna Petrovna has engaged with, and killed, sixteen bears.

Pursuing with Mr. Atkinson out of the iron and Jasper into the golden region, where the Emperor Alexander himself dug a nugget weighing twenty-four pounds, we meet with a good many Englishmen by the way, engaged at the mines. One of these met with a strange adventure in the forests of the Southern Oural, when four wild horses, attached to a carriage without a driver, galloped off with him as he lay within the vehicle undressed. After flying for an hour, like Mazarin in a curriole, he contrived to leap out, and implored a half-savage peasant woman to lend him her petticoat. But, beyond the Holy Lake of the Bashkirs, and within sight of the great mountain, Iremel, Mr. Atkinson himself began to witness more savage sights, especially among the convict colonies on the Altai, and amidst landscapes like the ruins of a thunder-stricken globe. Down the valley of Kaiser Koonin—across the dreary Steppes—under the snow-piled peaks of the Cholsom—to the Kourt-Chume Mountains, and he was at the gates of China.

"These mountains seem destined by Nature to be the boundary between the two empires. They were covered with snow, and at this time formed a complete barrier to our further progress in that direction."

His route had trended northwards to this point, and he saw the sun, like a crimson dart, strike its last light over the Russian Empire. Every step in this direction was an advance into regions little, if at all, known to geographers.

"To the north of Naryn there are some considerable granite rocks rising out of the plain, without one blade of grass growing upon them. These have once been lived in great vegetation. Figures have been cut upon them by a race of men of whom we have no record, or even a trace by which we can ascertain either who they were or at what period they lived."

From the orange, red, and yellow rocks of the Irtsch at Naryn, he descended the river in canoes, catching glimpses of marvellous scenery, watching an eclipse of the sun from the Kirghis deserts, and experiencing the shuddering excitement of a journey through a country of robbers. However, his account of the Steppes and their inhabitants suggests not a few fancies attributable to that timeless node of life. All this part of the narrative is dramatic as well as descriptive,—the records of wild adventure being generally too long for quotation. But here is a barbarous full-length,—there was one lady sixty years old, who was dressed like a young girl of twenty. Her head was bedecked on one side with white cut-glass beads, on the other with green glass drops, most probably originally intended for earrings. On her neck she wore a chain, with a large square brass suspended from it, also of green glass. She had bracelets on her arms studded with yellow glass; and round her waist a girdle with the same material. With her pink silk dress, grey gloves, yellow trowsers, and decorations, she was one of the most curiously-costumed ladies I ever met.

As a sportsman Mr. Atkinson enjoyed a plenitude of excitement, shooting bears in the immeasurable cedar-forests, stalking the Siberian

reindeer, and eating venison kabobs in Kalmuck tents. The ascent of the Bielekta in search of the Katsunalia fountain is a chapter of the most vivid romance of travel, yet it is less attractive than his relation of wanderings across the Desert of Gobi, and up the Tangnau chain. From one of the pinnacles he obtained a view that rewarded him for many a long labour and memorable peril.

"Immediately beyond lay the Oulua-Nor; far to the south-west was seen Oulua-Koon Desert and the Aral-Nor; to the south lay Tshagan Tala, and the ridges descending down to the Gobi; and to the south-west we looked upon the craters of the Kiang-Mountain—covered with snow, with snow. This was a peep far into Central Asia, and over a region never beheld by any European. A dim and misty outline of Bogda Oola was seen rising above the Gobi, and the vast desert stretched away till lost in haze."

It was when among the singular Kalkas people that he first saw a Chinese town,—but his guides dissuaded him from approaching it. Turning northwards, he traversed the extraordinary Mongolian plains, across low, purple ridges, swarming with serpents, and several rivers, of whose names and courses the people knew absolutely nothing. Wild beasts were hunted in this region. At the great caravan road crossing the Gobi, and within sight of Ilka-Aml-Nor, Mr. Atkinson reviewed his position and traced his plans.

"After examining my map, I still determined to continue to journey a day or two more in the southerly direction, then to turn to the westward and strike upon the river Ouroung; by doing this I should enter the Gobi to the north of the great chain, 'Thian-shan' on our maps—a name utterly unknown to the natives, who call this chain 'Nyan-shan,' which I shall adopt whenever speaking of these mountains. They are the highest in Central Asia, and amongst them rises that stupendous mass, 'Bogda Oola,' the volcano Po-shan and Hsiao-shan, to see which I was passing my way into this desert."

This route brought him into Chinese territory, by Mr. de Quincey, imaginatively described by the Tartar exodus. Here was the realm of Sultans,—each holding court in his own encampment, and dispensing a pastoral hospitality to the stranger. Their manners have as yet been unmodified by inconvenient Western theories as to the rights of women. Thus, at a banquet:—

"The Kirghis who sat nearest the trays selected the things he liked best, and after eating a part, bade the man sitting behind; when again diminished, this was passed to a third, then to the boys; and having run the gamut of all these hands and scowls, the bone reaches the women and girls, divided of nearly every particle of food. Finally, these poor creatures have no good thing which is left on the bone, it is tossed to the dogs."

Among these warrior chieftains, Mr. Atkinson witnessed a grand display of Tartar falconry. The bird had shone like a hood, and cavalcade, glittering with spears and battle-axes, followed him to the open plains:—

"We had not gone far when several large deer rushed past a jutting point of the rocks, and bounded over the plain, about 200 yards from us. In an instant the barrow was unhooked, and his sleek greyhound, when he sprung from his perch and soared up into the air, I watched him ascend as he wheeled round, and was under the impression that he had not seen the animals; but in this I was mistaken. He had now risen to a considerable height, and seemed to point himself at the deer a minute. After this, he gave two three flaps with his wings, and swooped off in a straight line towards his prey. I could not perceive that his wings moved, but he went at a fearful speed. He was a stout, and very stout bird, and fell gallantly followed by many others. I gave my horse his head, and a touch of the whip; in a

few minutes he carried me to the front, and I was riding neck and heels with one of the keepers. When we were about 200 yards off, the barrow struck his prey. The deer gave a bound forward, and fell. The barrow had struck one talon into his neck, the other into his loins, and with his back was tearing out the animals' liver. The Kirghis sprang from his horse, slipped the harness over one of his head, and the animals upon his legs, and rumoured him from his prey without difficulty. The keeper mounted his horse, his assistant placed the barrow on the ground, and he was ready for another flight. No dogs are taken out with him, hunting with the eagle; they would be destroyed to a certainty; indeed, the Kirghis assert that he will attack and kill the wolf. Foxes are hunted in this way, and many are killed—many are killed, and the lesser kinds of deer are also taken in considerable number. We had not gone far before a herd of small antelopes were seen feeding on the plain. Again the bird soared up in circles as before—this time I thought to a greater elevation; and again he made the fatal swoop at his intended victim, and the animal was dead before we reached him. The barrow was uttering in his flight—unless the animal can escape into holes in the rocks, as the few I saw sometimes do, he is certain doom."

Mr. Atkinson was gone in the Arcadia of tents; and, when he sat at dawn gazing at the peaks of the Syen-shan, as their tips beamed out one by one in the ruby, auroral light, the landscape, far and wide, became warm and animate,—and any idealist might have fancied himself revisiting the glimpses of the moon in the age of gold. All was picturesque, primitive, and yet perfectly free from any suggestion of poverty so common among barbarous nations. On the other hand, the traveller was himself an object of curiosity:—

"I wore a shooting jacket of rifle green, a checked waistcoat and trousers,—but very little of the latter were seen, as my legs were inserted into a pair of long shooting-boots—pink calico-socks, with the collar turned down over a small necktie, and a large-trimmed felt hat that would accommodate itself to any shape. For a period of four years no hunter had taken any European-looking man, and hanging down in heavy curls. This was a great wonder, as all male heads with them are closely shaven."

The Sultans wore robes of flowered silk and satin, beautiful green boots and yellow over-shoes, and the Kirghis rejoiced in delicate white turbans, scarfs of velvet, pretty vests of silk, and trousers gracefully furled about their limbs. It was unwillingly that a traveller could part from those happy people, even to attempt a visit to the singular Chinese town of Tehin-shi, and to touch with his foot the untrodden slopes of Syan-shan. Men with battle-axes and helmet-shaped caps continued a usual retinue; and their guardianship was by no means superfluous in that borderland of China. Unfortunately, he was obliged to be content with a distant glance:—

"We were now within a three hours' ride of Tehin-shi, and nearer the guide would go; he had never been in the town, and had no wish to visit it. I could see the lake he had mentioned, which is a short distance from the town to the eastward. The buildings were also distinctly visible on the declivity of a hill; but there are no striking edifices or large structures, except a Chinese town. The houses are small, and of no great elevation. To the north-west of Tehin-shi, the Syan-shan rises into high peaks, but they do not reach the snow-line. After taking my last look at the town we turned to the north, and followed the plain parallel to the mountain-chain, the rugged and uneven tops of which were in full view. I believe these stupendous masses were then seen and sketched for the first time, by any European."

Many portraits of desert princes are sketched by Mr. Atkinson,—among others, that of Sultan Souk:—

"A greater robber could not be found in the

Stoppe, and though at this time, being eighty years of age, he could not join in the *bonanzas*, many were planned by him. On another occasion, when I was staying at his seat, some Kirghis came from the middle bands to beg of him to give up their wives and children, who had been carried off by his banditti—they formed part of his share of the plunder—but the old scoundrel would not restore one. He received a pension from the Russian Emperor, sold his country, and deceived his Imperial Majesty. In one of his *bonanzas*, a battle-axe had cut his nose, and rendered it crooked; and when I was sketching him, he desired me not to copy his present nose, but put in a proper one, or the Emperor would discover his plundering habits. When sitting for his portrait, he had on a scarlet coat, a gold medal, and a sash, sent him by Alexander the First, of which he was wonderfully proud.

Mr. Atkinson's pencil was seldom idle among these decreed patriars, and the landscape of their beautiful country, but he must bring our quotations to an end with the following little bit of natural history:—

"It is a fact well known, that the bear will not attack a man when sleeping by a fire, but will first go into the water, submerge his fur, then return, put out the fire, and devour his victim at his leisure."

These extracts will have served to illustrate the originality and variety of Mr. Atkinson's observations and adventures during his protracted wanderings through the strange countries lying between Tchinali on the south, the Tchaporog gold-district to the north, Lake Baikal eastwards, and the Oural on the west. Within this enormous space, filled by a maze of rivers, deserts, valleys, and mountains, the towns of the north, and inhabited by scattered fragments of nations, he gathered the materials of an animated and intelligent narrative, deepening the perspective of geography in the Asiatic interior, and otherwise appreciably enriching the literature of English travel.

A Woman's Preaching for Woman's Practice.
By Augusta Johnstone. (Groombridge & Sons.)

Industrial and Social Position of Women in the Middle and Lower Ranks. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE "Condition of Women" question is one that is getting itself asked with increased emphasis every day; it has become like one of those "Puzzle Enigmas" put forth in family journals, or like that wretched-up Bank note destined to become the property of whoever can declare its value and number. We recollect, years ago, in an old circulating library to have come on a superannuated novel, called 'Woman's a Riddle—find it out.' The mystery of the position has not yet received its reply, judging from the multitude of guesses which every day brings forth, none of them fulfilling the requirements of a grand solution.

The question of "Woman" has been in morals what *La Recherche de l'Absolu* was in chemistry—a fascinating possibility, on which reality was ever being shipwrecked, but making men in love with ruin. "If happy the state that has no annals" has passed into the apocryphal; but thrice happy is that womanly condition which suggests no "questions."

Poor dear Woman! endowed with so many fiery gifts, yet unable to use them to profit. A fair field and plenty of favour have they had from the beginning of the world, but how little they have made out of it, witness their uneasy condition at the present moment, and the perplexed state of their relations. Interesting patients, for whom every podiatrist prescribes his moral quack medicine! One wishes for them, before all things, a little wholesome letting alone, with plenty of fresh air and the free use of their

limbs: we should see what would come of it. Women, we suppose, are human beings; and if they were allowed to take their chance as such, instead of having from babyhood their minds and morals specifically labelled "feminine," there would be a better hope they might turn out rational creatures. "Women's rights" and "Woman's wrongs" would then find their level, and be absorbed in the wholesome life of the community.

The old-fashioned maxims, that "A woman was to make herself into a beautiful reflex of her husband," and spend her life "in obeying him" and "making him happy," have become doubtful for two reasons:—one being, that the matrimonial superstition about a husband being his wife's incarnation of human wisdom, is going the way of all superstitions; the other is, that husbands have ceased to be plentiful. Formerly, every woman born into the nursery might calculate with certainty on being married. Then, to be "an old maid," was the consequent penalty for being either excessively ugly or extremely disagreeable. All that is now changed; in the present day, if a woman with moderate beauty or less for fortune waits till somebody comes to marry her, the chances are that she will have her waiting for her pains.

The peculiarity of modern literature is, that women are addressed more as independent, and less as relative beings,—the possibility that they may remain unmarried is assumed, and dealt with. This alone marks an advance in common sense, in the books which profess to inform women of "something to their advantage."

In the two works at the head of our article the key note is—Let women be brought up to work for their living. This is advice which women would do well to lay to heart,—in this country at least. Money is power; and if women once learn to work to earn it, all minor points of rights and wrongs would settle themselves.

The little brochure of 'A Woman's Preaching' is excellent, and much to the purpose. It is written with good taste and good sense; and if it contain nothing very new or original, the suggestions have at least the merit of being practicable. In this world the commonest truths need to be repeated many times before the hearers begin to find out that, as a little girl said of her lessons, "they mean something!"

The 'Industrial and Social Position of Women' is a portly, ponderous essay, solidly freighted with statistics. The drift of its argument is, that the girls of the middle classes should be brought up to earn their living regularly, and as a matter of course, as the boys are, "to join men in their daily labour, on the footing of companionship." The work is very well intentioned, but is over full of words; the meaning is well high smothered in them, and the drift of the intention is much obscured thereby. The book is heavy to read, which is a pity; for everything that tends to give women the fixed idea, that it is better for them to work than to be idle,—to earn money before they spend it,—and to consider their work not an exceptional or amateur state of things, but as a rule and not the exception,—is too valuable to be lost for want of those well-sharpened words, which fix a truth, as with nails, in the memory of those who hear them. The author insists, in his verbose heavy way, on one essential point—the need of going through a regular and proper training for every employment. The following is the passage; it is a good specimen both of style and matter:—

"If we were to point out any one element more

likely than another to retard the progress of woman's admission to industry, it is an insufficient sense on her part of the necessity not only of a suitable training, but also, even more emphatically, of training in habits of business. At every turn a contrast is at present drawn between the value of man's services and woman's services in branches of business where in most respects the sexes meet on a footing of equality; and in nine cases out of ten, where there is inferiority on the part of woman, whether in the higher or lower grades of employment, it is attributable to the sources now pointed out."

All true; but certainly it cannot be said of the writer that

Tutta divina come scemda from his tongue.

When women open their eyes and hearts they will see that all their "freedoms"; and "disabilities" have their source in themselves; and that they can be strong and free only on the same terms on which men and nations can obtain their freedom, viz., that of showing themselves capable of obtaining and holding it. They cannot be at once free and favoured. Never was there a state of society in which women had a fairer opportunity of being or doing anything than in our good or right in their own eyes. No human being can give freedom to another, at the utmost, he can only abstain from throwing obstacles in the way.

The first thing needful to any amelioration that women may desire in their condition is, that they should consider themselves as rational beings, and act accordingly; and we will undertake to promise that they will be treated accordingly. What tells most against the position of women is, that they are neither true to each other nor to themselves; they do not stand by each other; such is content to make terms for herself, and to give up her neighbour. Women won't unite with each other. All their boasted generosity and self-sacrifice and self-devotion is for the sake of their lovers or husbands or children, some personality of their own to gratify; they have a scant sense of justice, and no idea of the relative claims and proportions of duties. If men have all these years been in the position of lords and masters—the ruling body—it undoubtedly is so; on that the whole they have deserved to be so; no other "right prescriptive" will endure the wear and tear of actual life. Those who do the actual work of the world rule the world. Whoever women may show breadth and strength of character, sound judgment, self-control, and the qualities that make men a master, they have had power and influence and reverence accordingly. Water does not more surely find its own level than quality of character its befitting results. None can hinder cause and effect, and in the great just balance of Nature whatever men win or lose or actions deserve so much will they obtain. We are not speaking of sentimental deservings, but of the power a man may have to make his works accepted and respected. This power is not transferrable.

Outram and Haselock's Persian Campaign.
By Capt. G. H. Hunt, 78th Highlanders. To which is prefixed a Summary of Persian History, &c. By George Townsend. (Routledge & Co.)

BLOODIER fields and sterner encounters have already made us forget the victories of Klushab and Mulsamneh, which ushered in the opening year. The stirring interest of the campaign at Delhi and Lucknow seems to have placed a vast interval between us and our Persian triumphs, and perhaps the very skill and courage which won those victories so easily have most unfairly robbed them of half their value in our

eyes. Indeed, whether we consider the disparity of our forces and the numbers of the enemy, or the utter rout and destruction of their armies and the trifling loss of our own troops, or the immense amount of *material* captured by us, or the precision and success of our arrangements, and the perfect order, health, and efficiency of our army during the whole time of its stay in the Gulf,—we must in every point of view pronounce Sir James Outram's brief campaign, from the end of January to the beginning of May, to have been one of the most brilliant and successful of which the annals of any country can boast. Of feats of arms few more extraordinary can be recounted than the charge of the 2nd Bombay Cavalry with the Punjab Irregulars at Khusháb, in which a square of Persian infantry was fairly ridden over and cut to pieces, in spite of discipline, a determined front, and unwavering resolution; or than the destruction of the forts at Mohammerah by the vessels under Capt. Young. But higher than even these must be ranked the moral character of a force among which, in spite of its numbers, " scarce an instance of misconduct on the part of any individual was brought to the General's notice." We may, therefore, very readily spare the single feature which is wanting to render the Expedition to the Persian Gulf attractive to the vulgar eye and condone the absence of what in Wellington's rude phrase is styled "a large butcher's bill."

But we find we have been irresistibly drawn to notice the latter part of the volume before us. This leads us to remark that the introductory chapters about the ancient history of Persia and the causes of the war seem to us simply a mistake. The reader wants to know what Outram and Havelock did, and it is very hard that he must curb his impatience till he has waded through a dreary slough of Pish-dadyan and Kambion Kings, with heavy patches from Herodotus and other sources, and above them his "edge" has been long since taken off with many a groaning. If, indeed, Mr. Townsend, who indites the preliminary chapters, could have put his old pictures in new lights, and varnished the faded colours with knowledge of his own, we might have suffered ourselves to be bored for a moderate space of time; but this he is quite unable to do, and, therefore, we are sorry that he did not allow Capt. Hunt, of the renowned 78th Highlanders, to tell his own soldier's story of the campaign. This officer, who landed in Persia with his regiment after Bushire was won, narrates events from that point of time, and consequently begins with the assumption of supreme command by General Outram on the 10th of January, and ends with his farewell order of the 19th of May last. His narrative is brief and simple, and would not have exceeded the dimensions of a pamphlet, but for the two hundred pages of preliminary matter with which Mr. Townsend has encumbered it. We say again, that we would gladly barter this weary Introduction for a little more accuracy in printing, and even the slightest acquaintance with the Persian language. We should not then be startled at such absurdities as " Brigadier-General Turz," the highly reputed chief of the Scinde horde,—"the Hindoo Kaash," "Kahandil Khan" reconstituted with Sadr Azim, the Prime Minister of Persia,—as an equivalent of which last sentence a Persian might write "Lord (Chancellor, an English Judge, told me." Some words, in fact, are so disfigured that even their mother-tongue would not recognize them. Who could guess that *Towmle-ool-Son* stands for the city of Ambohi, and *Jumard* for the city of *Ambohi*, *Ambohi* for Kisaki-Bahli? We are hardly indemnified for our trouble in noting these

blunders even by learning that *hococus pocus* comes from the ancient Persic "Hokopar," a juggler, which it does—by a process worthy of the name.

To return to Capt. Hunt and the campaign. We think it due to General Outram, to whom no man has ever had more unscrupulous detractors, more bitter enemies, or more devoted friends, to say that throughout this narrative he is spoken of as he deserves,—that is, as a skillful and chivalrous leader who, while achieving all that a good general can effect, utterly ignores his own merits. He had landed but a few days when he led the army on the 3rd of February to the capture of Amara and victory of Khusháb, at which place the enemy left 700 dead on the field and lost two guns, the standard of their Guards and nearly all their *matériel* and ammunition. On the 26th of March Mohammerah was captured and there most of the laurels fell to the blue jackets. The advance of the land forces is, however, thus described:—

Our formation was as follows:—a line of contiguous quarter-distance columns; a field-battery on the right. Next came the 78th Highlanders; then the 26th Native Infantry (one wing), her Majesty's 64th regiment, the light battalion, and 23rd Bengal light Infantry, the whole covered by 3 companies of skirmishers. The point of attack was the camp to the left rear of the town of Mohammerah, where the Shah-zadeh had evidently pitched his cavalry and guns, and had been with them in person. His infantry had occupied the other encampment, about five hundred yards to the right of this, and had also been quartered in considerable numbers in the batteries and date-groves adjacent. Up to the moment of our advance, those troops were drawn up, in order of battle, outside the boundary of the Shah-zadeh's camp, the right of their line far outflanking our left, which had actually been so drawn up when it had once advanced into the open plain, beyond the 23rd Native Light Infantry being slightly thrown back. This great risk, however, caused no hesitation with Sir James. The compact red battalions moved forward to the front of the leading skirmishers, had arrived within gun-range of the enemy's camp, the field-battery guns actually trotting up to assist them with their fire against the salutes of round shot and grape momentarily expected, when the Persian army seemed literally to have vanished, and, but for the tents still standing, would almost have induced a belief that an illusion of mirage rather than the presence of an armed host had been but so recently before us. At the last moment all courage had deserted the foe. The lesson of the morning had been too severe to induce even the Shah's garruls, with his uncle, a prince royal, present at their head, to risk a repetition of the same, although the homes of many and the honour of all their countrymen depended upon the fortune of the day. Their army fled, although the odds were greatly in their favour, and they could hardly expect to meet us under more advantageous circumstances. Every tent was left standing, even that of their prince chief. The ground was strewn with arms, accoutrements, ammunition, band-instruments, culinary vessels, grain, bedding, and even their dinners. Many of our round shot and unexploded shells also, lay around, with bloody proofs of the mischief they had done, and of the tremendous range of the guns they were fired from. Very few of their wounded were found among all this debris, so carefully had they either been carried off by their comrades, or concealed by the people of the town close by."

The consequences of this victory were not less important than those of Khusháb, and amongst other excellent results, the Persians learned to appreciate the humanity and generosity of their conquerors. We read:—

"Many of their dead (some eighty or ninety) lay unburied in the laster, even though the enemy had been previous to our entrance the enemy had been employed in burying their slain, as the

newly made graves on the ground outside the date-groves abundantly testified. A loss of 300 killed was acknowledged by them; but, from the duration of the fire it must have been far greater into of their wounded but few showed themselves to us, as they had ample time to cross the river (those, at least, able to do so) while we were in pursuit of the retreating army. It would have been better for these unfortunate fugitives had they fallen into our hands, as it was afterwards ascertained that the Arabs mercilessly butchered every one of the helpless wretches that they discovered. The few found by us were taken care of,—though so perfectly misunderstood this kindness at first, that, imagining they were only here to reserve for a later torture, they for some time resisted all kind of treatment—even water—from the hands of their captors,—a terrible but unmistakable evidence of their own brutality in warfare. Our own casualties were but ten men killed, and one officer (Lieutenant Harris, I.N.) and thirty men wounded. The officer belonged to the Semirians. This small amount of loss is the more extraordinary as the Persian gunnery was anything but despicable, the ships being hulled in many places by their shot, and rigging cut in a few instances. The Persian boats must also have entered the hayricks by which her sides were protected,—these doubtless saved many lives from musket fire. The Persian boats did not the range of the mortar-raft (a very small object, and about 1,000 yards distant) very quickly, striking it once, and also sinking a boat attached to it. Endless tales of hair-breadth escapes also circulated both in camp and on shipboard."

Sir J. Outram followed up his success with the energy and daring of a true general. He despatched a small but admirably selected detachment in pursuit of the flying enemy. At Awar, which Mr. Townsend writes Akwar and Akwas, they came upon the Persians. Then was seen the astonishing spectacle of a disciplined army of many thousand men retreating with all haste before 300 soldiers. The miserable Persians died by scores of starvation, and their stores having been captured, and their nearest depot being 100 miles from the scene of their flight. So ended the campaign, for in the midst of victory the general's arm was arrested, and negotiation gave back all that the sword had won. Capt. Hunt's narrative finishes with brief sketches of Baghdad and other towns on the Great River; from which we extract the following description of a storm:—

"The approach of this fearful visitant would be most correctly described as awfully sublime: it advanced massively and regularly, as though one half of the earth had been bodily raised up and was hanging in mid-air to overwhelm the other—the outer edge as abrupt and clearly defined as that of some stupendous mountain range, and not unlike such in colour, being of a dusky brown hue; and near the ground, where the wind rolled it in eddies, huge chasms and caverns seemed formed, as though actually cut out of the solid rock. The cattle herded together and lay down, evidently terrified, as it neared them; and the birds, quitting the air, also sought refuge upon the ground. For a few seconds before the crash broke an unearthly stillness prevailed, then a few large drops of rain and a terrific gust of wind struck the steamer, and instantly afterwards the dust-storm was on her. Daylight became suddenly and most singularly eclipsed rather than darkened, for though vision was limited to very little distance on either hand, it still was not the black obscurity which night throws around, but rather a thick, palpable veil, perfectly impeding the eye, yet still admitting a dusky, sultry light. This lasted for some three or four hours, during which dust, so fine as to penetrate within the watches on board, fell thickly, attended with a sense of almost suffocation; and a fierce rushing of the wind was felt as the storm prevailed near the steamer. Had all the cannon in the universe been discharged at the same instant

—the uproar, smoke, and dust from ever so mighty a battery would have made but a feeble comparison with the grand spectacle that was displayed before us. It was, in truth, terrifically grand, and imposed a feeling of awe upon us—helpless as all human means would have been, if involved in its resistless vortex, and ignorant as we were of what fearful consequences might be concealed within its impetuous depths. All, however, passed over without accident, though considerable time elapsed before sufficient light returned to enable us to continue our course; and the day closed with a lovely, cool, star lit evening."

The narrative concludes with the loss of the Erin, in which Havelock and the 78th were proceeding to Calcutta. The lives of so many warriors, who have since achieved such deeds, were thus jeopardized at a moment when their aid was so much needed by us in India. Providentially they were saved, and the gallant narrator of the Persian campaign lived to take his part in the glorious advance on Cawnpore, where, he perished of that dread epidemic which has so often thinned the ranks of our armies in the East. He died, but his name will survive among those who deserve well of their country.

Men of the Time. Biographical Sketches of Eminent Living Characters. Also, Biographical Sketches of Celebrated Women of the Time. (Kent & Co.)

THE new edition of this useful little work proves the truth of our first observation on it,—namely, that it was a good idea, capable of very great improvements. As a book of reference it has been much increased in value. Fresh names have been included. A fairer proportion has been established between the space devoted to certain men,—though there is still much to reform in this respect. We are ready to allow the wide difference between fame and notoriety, and to see a positive merit in a plan which aspires to judge men by the real rather than the apparent. The ministers of fate are not those who cry loudest in the narrow place. We are glad to find space allotted to the illustration of real powers, when those powers are masked to the public by circumstances or character. But there should be a certain modesty observed even in doing justice to obscure genius. Above all, the celebration should be so made as to avoid any suggestion that obscure genius is blowing its own trumpet. For example, we read of a certain writer's youth—

"Thus he passed the sweetest and most improvable period of his life in one of the loveliest of our English valleys; a defile opening out of the rich vast Vale of Gloucester, between undulating hills of wood, pasture, and corn, under the great ocean of summer that fills the plain runs and ripples, curls and breaks into every exquisite spray of wealth and beauty. Midway in this sequestered bay, enveloped in orchards, and shaded from the white winding road by tall evergreen, stands 'Oxcombe House,' once the residence of the family to whom the chief portion of the hills and valleys around belong, and here the greater portion of the poet's married life has been passed. He was never sent to a school, either public or private; his father having strong prejudices in favour of home education; and with the aid of their mother and a tutor, he educated his ten children himself, and has very successfully established the possibility of the highest and noblest culture by such a process. At twelve years of age the boy entered his father's counting-house as a clerk, a position which he filled for fifteen years, and so assiduously and dutifully that the good old gentleman, a capital judge in such matters, was proud to testify that he never had a better clerk. While engaged in this somewhat ungenial employment, wrote," &c. &c.

—What mortal cares to read this trumpery? In the female biographies the disproportion of

allotted space is often absurd. Twelve lines suffice for a life of Queen Victoria; but two hundred and eighty barely suffice for Miss Strickland, the biographer of Queens.

As specimens of the better sort of information contained in the volume, we extract accounts of two very different celebrities. Here is the note on General Havelock:—

Havelock, Major-General Henry, C.B., was born at Bishopscleeve in 1795, and educated at the Charterhouse. About 1813, in consequence of adverse fortune, Ingress Park, his father's property in Kent, was sold to Government, and Havelock was entered of the Middle Temple, and attended the lectures of Chitty, the eminent special pleader, where his intimate associate was the late Sir Thomas Talford, the author of 'Ton.' An elder brother had distinguished himself in the Peninsular war and at Waterloo; and Henry, yielding to the military propensities of his family, endeavoured to obtain a commission. A month after his entry he was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade (the 95th), where his military training was assisted by Captain (afterwards Sir) Harry Smith, the victor of Alivai. Havelock served for eight years in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and having at length exchanged into the 13th Light Infantry, embarked for India in 1823. Next year the first Burmese war broke out, and Havelock was appointed Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General, and was present at the actions at Sawpote, Patana, and Pegu. At the close of the war he was associated with Captain Lumden and Dr. Knox on a mission to the Court of Ava, and had an audience of the 'Golden Foot,' when the treaty of Yandaboo was signed. In 1827 he published the 'History of the Ava Campaign,' and in the next year he was appointed Adjutant of the Military Depot formed at Chinsurah by Lord Combermere. The Chinsurah establishment having been broken up, Havelock returned to his regiment. He subsequently visited Calcutta, and in 1830 he was in the languages at the College appointed Adjutant of his corps by Lord William Bentinck. In 1835 he was promoted to a company, after having served twenty-three years as a subaltern. An army was now collected for the invasion of the Afghans, and Havelock accompanied it on the staff of Sir Willoughby Cotton. He went through the first Afghan campaign, was present at the storming of Ghuznee and the occupation of Cabul, and then returned to India with Sir Willoughby Cotton. Having obtained leave to visit the Presidency, he prepared a 'Memoir of the Afghan Campaign,' which was soon after printed in London. He returned to the Punjab in charge of a detachment, and was placed on the staff of General Elphinstone as Persian Interpreter.

When the Eastern Ghidies having been blockaded Cabul, Havelock was sent to join Sir Robert Sale, then marching back to India, and was present at the forcing of the Khoord Cabul Pass, at the action of Tuzen, and all the other operations that force then was engaged in. In the final attack on Mahomed Akbar, in April 1842, which obliged that chief to raise the siege, Havelock commanded the right column, and defeated him before the other columns could come up. For this he was promoted to the rank of Major-General. He was then nominated Persian Interpreter to General Pollock, and was present at the action of Moolkee, and the second engagement at Tuzen. He then proceeded with Sir John M. MacNeill's Force to the Kohistan, and had an important share in the brilliant affair at Isafah. Next year he was promoted to a Regimental Majority, and nominated Persian Interpreter to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough. At the close of 1849 he accompanied the army to Gwalior, and was engaged in the battle of Mahadwar. In 1854 he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet. In 1845 he proceeded with the army to meet the invasion of the Sikhs, and was actively engaged in the battles of Moodkee, Feroesabad, and Mooltan. At Mooltan he was severely wounded by a cannon shot, which passed through his

saddle cloth. On the conclusion of the Sutlej campaign he was appointed Deputy-Adjutant-General of the Queen's troops at Bombay. The second Sikh war now broke out, and his elder brother, Colonel William Havelock, was killed at Ramnagar. In consequence of his own excellent services ordered into the field, he quitted his staff employment at Bombay in order to join it, and had proceeded as far as Indore when his further progress was countermanded, and he returned to his post. Twenty years of incessant and laborious service now began to tell on his constitution, and his medical advisers, in 1848, sent him to Europe for two years for the restoration of his health. He returned to Bombay in 1851, and was soon after made Brevet Colonel, and appointed, through the kindness of Lord Hardinge, to the command of the three battalions of the Sutlej, Quarter-master-General, and then Adjutant-General, of Queen's troops in India. On the despatch of the expedition to Persia he was appointed to the command of division, and commanded the troops at Mooltan, the glory of which action was, however, reserved for the naval force. On the conclusion of peace he returned to Bombay, and embarked in the Erin for Calcutta, in which vessel he was wrecked, in April 1857, off the coast of Ceylon. Five days after he obtained a posthumous promotion to the rank of Major-General in the 78th, and on reaching Calcutta was immediately sent up to Allahabad as Brigadier-General, to command the movable column, with which he, in several decisive actions, defeated the Maharratta leader, Nana Sahib, slaying his followers in large numbers, and capturing above a score of field pieces; and whose revenge for which found a vent in the fearful and unheeded massacre of English ladies and children at Cawnpore—a deed never to be effaced so long as we have British troops on Indian soil. General Havelock was married to a friend of Delhi, but these repeated skirmishes, and the fatigues incident to long marches under an Indian sun, have caused him to return to Lucknow with diminished forces. In consequence of the Government's policy of sparing the feelings of the natives, we can but inadequately appreciate the services of General Havelock on this trying occasion, yet sufficient is known for us to observe, that no dignity the Crown can confer upon him will be so efficacious as the recognition of his services, and the thanks of his countrymen, which were played by him and his faithful troops. The Commander-in-Chief has conferred upon him the good-service pension of one hundred pounds a year. In the *London Gazette* of Tuesday, the 29th of September 1857, his promotion to the rank of Major-General was expressed as follows:—"In consequence of the eminent services performed by Colonel Henry Havelock, C.B., in command of a division of Her Majesty's army engaged in active operations in the field in India, the Queen has been graciously pleased to command that he be promoted to the rank of Major-General in the army, in conformity with the 10th clause of the Royal Warrant of the 6th October 1854, and that his commission shall bear date the 30th July 1857." About 1853, General Havelock married the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Marshman of Serampore.

And this may be followed by the notes on Mr. Spurgeon:—

"Spurgeon, the Rev. Charles Haddon, Minister of New Park Street Church, Southwark, was born at Kelvedon, in Essex, on the 19th of June, 1834. He was placed for education in a school at Colchester, and as youth advanced he was sent to a school at Newmarket, where Greek and Latin occupied a considerable portion of his spare time. But the study of divinity was paramount, and ere long his family became aware of his desire to shine as a preacher. Some of his relatives being Independent, naturally provided that he should be one of their colleges, and undergo a regular training for the ministry among that body. But the young divine demurred to this, and as his father resided over a Baptist Chapel at Tulsebury, near Malden, in Essex, he mingled with the members of that body, and was admitted to 'sprinkling,' and in consequence, when scarcely sixteen years of age, at Isleham, a few miles from Newmarket, under

went the ceremony of immersion by water. Mr. Spurgeon formerly provided over, we believe, by the late Robert Hall, at Cambridge, and from period he became almost entirely a village preacher and tract distributor; and soon received an appointment as missionary from the Lay Preachers' Association. At Totterham, a village near Cambridge, Mr. Spurgeon, under the designation of 'the Boy Preacher,' delivered his first sermon, and shortly afterwards a little Baptist Church (if a lawn can be so called) at Waterbeach invited him to become their pastor. The invitation was accepted; but as the poor villagers could afford him very little as a salary, he continued his labours of tuition at Cambridge to the end of a summer. His preaching had now become a celebrated character; the barn at Waterbeach was filled with auditors, while listening crowds contented themselves with the sound of his voice from the outside. Invitations to preach were sent him from the surrounding places; and having his heart in the work, he from henceforth became an itinerant, preaching every day one sermon, and very frequently two. A man of this stamp could not long remain hid among country villages. His fame reached London; and the Church at New Street, Strand, Southwark, whose pulpit had in former days been occupied by Dr. Rippon, now courted his favours. This call being accepted, Mr. Spurgeon made his first appearance before a London audience in 1853, with so much success, that one or two years had passed away it was considered necessary to enlarge the building. In consequence of which he officiated for four months at Rother Hall; and that edifice was always so crowded, that hundreds had to retrace their steps, footsore and weary, without even a glimpse of the preacher. This enlargement of Park Street, however, was but of little use. His disciples multiplied so rapidly, that it became expedient to engage the Surrey Music Hall; and within its walls, in October 1856—the night of the lamentable accident—thirteen thousand people were congregated. Here, forgetting all social distinctions, may now be seen the poor and the peasant, the Churchman and the Dissenter, the literate and the illiterate, drinking in with avidity every valuable enunciation by the preacher; and when these cease, raising their voices in the hymn of praise, the effect may be imagined but cannot well be described. Mr. Spurgeon is a good testimony; he is at no loss for an expression or a simile; his language is plain; he never mingles his words to suit the tastes of his auditory; and the earnestness of his manner forbids one to doubt of his sincerity. The rise of so young a man has been an era in our history of the religious world. Like other stars, Mr. Spurgeon has made a provincial tour, both in England and Scotland; in the latter country he undertook a mission in English a body of ill-killed aborigines, who understood little more than their native Gael, but who attended out of respect to their own dominion. Mr. Spurgeon did his best to enlighten their understandings, and everything went on pleasantly enough while their souls pursued a supply of snuff; but when that necessary ingredient to a Scotchman's comfort failed, one of them turned his face towards the door and the rest followed in rapid succession; so that before the reverend gentleman had reached the nineteenth hour of his discourse he was left alone in his pulpit. As an author, Mr. Spurgeon is as yet of no note; his productions have chiefly been the republication of old authors. Of his sermons, however—those revised by himself alone—upwards of ten thousand are printed weekly.

We advise the proprietors of a work which is the sole reference proposed by a large section of readers for contemporary facts, to carry on their task of retrenchment and reform.

Opinions: an Attempt to Untie the Geological Knot. By Philip H. Gosse. (Van Voorst.) In display of his scientific works Mr. Gosse has manifested a decidedly theological tendency. He is not satisfied with the facts and laws of nature, he must needs clothe them with his own

theological views and speculations. As long as such views are not offensively dogmatical, there is no objection to them, and perhaps they serve occasionally to relieve the dry details of scientific descriptions. In his former works his theology was subservient to his science; but in the present one he makes his science subservient to his theology.

In his Preface Mr. Gosse states the object of his work. He believes that amidst all their labours and conclusions geologists have forgotten one thing. As the astronomers were puzzled to account for the disturbances of Uranus till after the discovery of Neptune, so Mr. Gosse believes that geologists have been wrong from the present one he makes his science subservient to his theology.

"I venture to suggest in the following pages an element, hitherto overlooked, which disturbs the conclusions of geologists respecting the antiquity of the earth. Their calculations are sound on the recognised premises; but they have not allowed for the Law of Prochronism in Creation."

What this law of Prochronism is we may perhaps best exemplify from the anecdote in Dr. Livingstone's recent book, which we have already quoted. The Scotch quarryman, who told Dr. Livingstone that—"When God made the rocks he made the shells in them," announced what Mr. Gosse, in more scientific language, calls the "law of Prochronism in creation."

Before Geology could be said to have had a scientific existence, and the Bible was the only book that pretended to deal with the great fact of the history of the world, the theory of the Scotchman was the one which even philosophers accepted as a temporary expedient. But as facts accumulated it became evident that the shells which were found in limestone and other rocks must have had an origin similar to other shells, and hence that they must have at one time been the choicer of living animals; and that these had resided at the bottom of the ocean. The conclusion was also arrived at with regard to the remains of plants and animals higher in the scale of creation than shell-fish, that they had lived in previous periods of the world's history, and having been carried to the bottoms of lakes, rivers, and seas, were heaved up by the waters deposited on them from the water in which they were immersed. These phenomena were found to be precisely analogous to those going on at the present day: hence it was inferred, that the rocks now on dry ground, and high above the level of the sea, and containing the remains of animals and plants, must at one time have been at the bottom of the sea. In order to attain their present position it was as necessary to suppose that a longer period had elapsed in the creation of the world than was usually supposed to have taken place. At first these views were opposed, especially on religious grounds; but gradually the intelligent leaders of the various religious sects became convinced of the untenableness of the view that the world had either been recently created or that when the rocks were made the shells were made in them. Nay more, several Eddish scholars, amongst whom Dr. P. Smith should always be named by persons with gratitude, came forward to show that the proper interpretation of the text of Scripture did not require that any such view of Creation should be taken at all. In spite, however, of the settlement of this question between the most learned and competent parties on both sides, Mr. Gosse re-opens the dispute. He thinks geologists are wrong, and steps forward to obtrude his views of the interpretation of Scripture upon the theologians. He is an advocate of what he calls a "Branchy-chronology," in opposition to a "Macro-chronology."

He founds the reasonableness of his views not upon observation, but upon a deduction derived from what he regards as a necessary hypothesis. There are two ways of explaining the existence of species of animals and plants on the surface of the earth. Either the higher species have been derived from the lower; or the Lamarckian hypothesis—or all species have been created at some period in time. The latter is the view of most naturalists of the present day, and on it Mr. Gosse takes his stand.

"I have, in my postulates, legged the fact of creation, and I shall not, therefore, attempt to prove it. Creation, as a natural commencing power, gives us the commencing point, which we in vain seek in nature. But what is creation? It is the sudden bursting into a circle. Since there is no other stage in the course of existence, which more than any other affords a natural commencing point, whatever stage is selected by the arbitrary will of God, must be an un-natural, or rather a pre-natural, commencing point. The life-history of every organism commenced at some point or other of its circular course. It was created, called into being, in some of its stages. Possibly various creatures differed in this respect; perhaps some began existence in one stage of development, some in another; but every separate organism had a distinct point at which it began to live. Before that point there was nothing; it was as if no organism had till then no existence; its history prior to an absolute blank; it was not. But the whole organization of the creature thus newly called into existence, looks back to the course of an endless circle in the past. Its whole structure displays a series of developments, which as distinctly witness to former conditions as do those which are presented in the cow, the butterfly, and the fern of the present day. But what former conditions? The conditions thus witnessed unto, as being necessarily implied in the present organism, were not non-existent; the history was a perfect blank till the moment of creation. The past conditions or stages of existence in question, can indeed be as triumphantly inferred by legitimate deduction from the present, as can those of our cow or butterfly; they being, in the very same sense, as the organism, are identically the same in every respect, except in this one, that they were *survived*. They exist only in their results; they are effects which never had causes. Perhaps it may help to clear my argument if I divide the past developments of organic life, which are necessarily, or at least legitimately, inferrible from present phenomena, into two categories, separated by the violent act of creation. Those unreal developments whose apparent results are seen in the organism at the moment of its creation, I will call *diachronous*, because their time was not an element in them; while those which have subsisted since creation, and which have had actual existence, I will distinguish as *diachronous*, as occurring during time."

In this passage lies the point of the whole of Mr. Gosse's argument. If animals and plants were created full grown, and at the adult stage of their development, then they possessed organs which, if seen by an anatomist the minute after their creation, he would have concluded had taken time to grow, and present themselves in their perfected form. Thus a perfect bird would lead to the inference that its feathers and other organs had been developed according to known laws, that it had been a chick in the egg, and the egg had been fertilized by a parent bird, without beginning or end, as it were. We now give a quotation from Mr. Gosse, in which he applies this argument deductively to the phenomena presented by the earth's surface.—

"It is certain that, when the Omnipotent God proposed to create a given organism, the course of that organism was present to his idea, as an ever-revolving circle, without beginning or end, as it were. He created it at some point in the circle, and gave it thus an arbitrary beginning; but one which

involved all previous rotations of the circle, though only as ideal, or, in other phrase, prochronic. It is not possible—I do not ask for more—that, in like manner, the natural course of the world was determined in his idea as a perfect whole, and that He intended to create it in some point of that course, which act, however, should involve previous stages, though only ideal or prochronic! All naturalists have speculated upon the great plan of Nature; a grand array of organic essences, in which every species should be related in like ratio to its fellow species, by certain affinities, without gaps and without retardancies; the whole constituting a beautiful and perfect unity, a harmonious scheme, worthy of the infinite Mind that conceived it. Such a perfect plan has never been presented by any existing Fauna or Flora, nor is it made up by uniting the fossil Faunae and Florae to the recent ones; yet the discovery of the fossil world has made a very singular approach to the filling up of the great outline; and the more minutely this has been investigated, the more have histones been bridged over, which before yawned between species and species, and links of connexion have been supplied which before were lacking. It is not necessary,—at least, it does not seem so to me,—that all the members of this mighty commonwealth should have an actual, a diachronic existence, any more than in the creation of a man, his fetal, infantile, and adolescent stages should have an actual, diachronic existence, though these are essential to his normal life-history. Nor would their diachronic be more certainly inferred from the physical traces of them, in the one case than in the other. In the newly created Man, the proofs of successive processes requiring time, in the skin, hairs, nails, bones, &c., could in no respect be distinguished from the like proofs in a man of to-day; yet the developments to which they respectively lead are so different, and so far from each other, so far as regards the element of time. Who will say that the suggestion, that the strata of the surface of the earth, with their fossil Florae and Faunae, may possibly belong to a prochronic development of the mighty plan of the life-history of this world,—who will say that such a suggestion is a self-evident absurdity! If we had no example of such a procedure, we might be justified in dealing overvalently with the hypothesis; but it has been shown that, without a solitary exception, the whole of the vast series of forms that have been created,—mark I do not say may have been, but MUST have been created!—on this principle of a prochronic development, with distinctly traceable records. It was the law of organic creation."

We would only remark on this passage, that it is one pregnant with instruction as to the danger of reasoning from analogy. Defying all the laws of inductive science, Mr. Gosse assumes the truth of an hypothesis; and, with conclusions arrived at on this ground, endeavours to overthrow the laws arrived at by the collection of perhaps as large a number of facts as could be presented in any department of human inquiry. Admitting the necessity of the hypothesis, the creation of the species of living animals, there is no ground whatever for any such explanation of the occurrence of fossils in the strata of the earth. It is setting all laws at defiance to accept the least tenable of two explanations, when the weaker one has a considerable amount of experience in its favour; but to thrust forward an absurd assumption founded upon another, and that only a probable assumption, is to degrade the pursuit of science to that of a vain logomachy. Mr. Gosse may answer that his regard for the Sacred Book is his excuse. Then, why does he not think it equally right to attempt, with some zealots in another Church than that to which we suppose he belongs, to upset our present system of astronomy, on the ground that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still! All Biblical scholars allow, that in its philosophical statements, the Bible follows the prevailing systems of belief among the people at the time. If in this case Mr. Gosse has thought

fit to make use of his extensive knowledge of natural history for the purpose of writing a controversial book, why should he not take up some of the other points on which the statements of the Bible are not in accordance with modern science? Why does he not attempt to prove that the seat of the affections is in the heart, and of the emotions in the bowels? He might then supply his theory to the explanation of the difficulties of Egyptian chronology. If fossils are prochronic, why should not the Pyramids, and the destroyed cities of the ancient world be so? There are no difficulties in history that might not be settled by such a convenient theory. Books on such subjects probably would sell.

Farina: a Legend of Cologne. By George Meredith. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

A cradle for legend more richly dight with everything that is fantastic, antique, and precious than Cologne—the City of the Three Kings, and the birthplace of Cornelius Agrippa—hardly exists. To this day, that Rhine-down town, more of the physiognomy of a seaport than any other city we know, as a place where people from many countries have gathered together and settled themselves. The names above the shops—the books in the shop-windows—would of themselves tell this were their run through. Here we find a collection of national tunes by an amateur of the place, signed Zuccanaglio. There we come on fountains of sweet waters springing out of a contention with the "cations vrons" familiar to every tourist (not a whiff worse than those which swelter on the stairs of many an Italian palace), provided over by Zanoli and Farina. We fancied, from the title of his legend, that the lively Author of 'The Shaving of Shagpat' was about to introduce us into that exquisite flower-garden from which these "blessing flow," that he intended to tell us undated tales of configuration of planets, in what month of the sun's year, blossom and bud, and leaf and stem, were to be gathered,—and to name the craftsman who made the first alembic, in which the mixture thereof was distilled,—but, though his tale has "Farina" on its label, let none tap it (to use Horace Walpole's favourite verb) expecting anything fragrant, or soft, or gentle. Wild it is, on the contrary, and impudent and fierce—full of a riotous, abundant fancy, such as we have not fallen in with of late. It is a masque of ravishers in steel,—of robber knights, who sat on their towers looking up and down the gorges of the Eifel to see what manner of prey might be coming,—of women more terribly fascinating than Lovelace,—of monks nearly as sharp as the scull with the Great To-nell-knave as St. Dunstan himself.—It has also a brave and tender deliverer and a heroine proper for a romance of Cologne. We cannot better afford a specimen of our romancer's manner than by giving a glimpse of the said heroine, in the attitude of the *Lady of Shalott*,—only with a partner over her web—

"Now Margaria was ambitious of competing a certain tapestry for presentation to Kaiser Heinrich on his entry into Cologne after his last campaign on the turbulent Danube. The subject was again her beloved Siegfried slaying the dragon on Draehenfels. Whenever Aunt Lisbeth indulged in any letter virginity, and was overmastered by Margaria's frank manhood, she hung out this tapestry as a flag of truce. They were working it in bits, not having contrivances to do it in a piece. Margaria took Siegfried, and Aunt Lisbeth the dragon. They shared the craft between them. A roughish fellow, the Rhine towards November had already made out; Roland's Corner hanging like a

saturnal storm on the chattering island, as one top-heavy with long watch. Aunt Lisbeth was a great proficient in the art, and had taught Margaria. The little lady learnt it, with many other growsome matters, in the Palestine of Bohemia's family. She usually tagged the spectral of Höllebenenlitz in the Castle in the passing of the threads. Then two diurnal spectres in Bohemia, smelling of murder and the charnel-breath of midnight. They uttered notes that wintered the blood, and revealed signs that stifled hair three foot long; ay, and kept it stiff! Margaria placed herself on a settle by the low-arched window, and Aunt Lisbeth sat facing her. An evening sun blazoned the buttresses of the Cathedral, and shadowed the work-frames of the peaceful couple to a temperate light. Margaria unrolled a sampler, shaded with twines of divers coloured threads, and was soon busy silver-threading Siegfried's helm and horns.—'I told you of the steward, poor Kraut, did I not, child?' inquired Aunt Lisbeth, quietly clearing her throat.—'Many times!' said Margaria, and went on humming over her knee:

Her love was a Baron,
A Baron so bold;
She loved him for his
He loved her for gold.

—'He must see for himself, and be satisfied,' continued Aunt Lisbeth; and 'Holy Thomas to warn him for an example! Poor Kraut!'—'Poor Kraut!' echoed Margaria.

The King loved wine, and the Knight loved wine,
And they loved the summer weather:
They might have been a pair of well,
But for one they loved together.

—'You may say, poor Kraut, child!' said Aunt Lisbeth. 'Well! his face was before that as red as this dragon's jaw, and ever after he went about as white as a pulled egg. That was something wonderful!'—'That was!' rejoined Margaria.

O the King he loved his lawful wife,
The Knight a lawless lady;
Aunt ten on one maid, rising strife,
Beneath the forest shade.

—'Fifty to one, child!' said Aunt Lisbeth. 'You forget the story. They made Kraut sit with them at the jarring feast, of the most mortal there. The walls were full of eye-sockets without any pupils, phosphorus instead, burning blue and damp.'—'Not to-night, Aunty dear! It frightens me so,' pleaded Margaria, for she saw the dolor coming. 'Night! when it's broad mid-day, too! mind one; Good Heaven! take pity on such as we!' The did was seven feet in length by four broad. Kraut measured it with his eye, and never forgot it. Not be! When the dish-cover was lifted, there he saw himself lying, boiled! 'I did not feel uncomfortable then,' Kraut told us. 'It seemed natural.' His face, as it lay there, he says, was quite calm, only a little wrinkled, and piggish-looking like. There was the mole on his chin, and the pucker under his left eyelid. Well! the Baron carved. All the guests were greedy for a piece of him. Some cried out for breast; some for toes. 'I was the first to eat,' said Margaria. The Baroness said, 'Check!'—'Ah!' shrieked Margaria, 'that can I not bear! I will not hear it, Aunt! I will not!'—'Check!' Aunt Lisbeth reiterated, nodding to the floor.—Margaria put her fingers to her eyes, and said, 'I am blind, you see, I feel nothing odd. Of course he was horrified to be sitting with spectres, as you and I should be; but the first tremble of it was over. He had plunged into the bath of horrors, and there he was. I've heard that you must pronounce the names of the Victims and Victims, and the water round you all the while for three minutes; and if you do this without interruption, everything shall disappear. So they say. 'Oh! dear Heaven of mercy!' says Kraut, 'what I felt when the Baron laid his finger on my forehead, I can't tell you.'—'Here Aunt Lisbeth lifted her eye to stand upon Margaria's fright. She was very displeased to find her niece, with elbows on the window sill and hands round her head, quietly gazing into the street."

We will not pretend to say what the maiden saw in the street, and what came of the night. Those who like to see the most ludicrous proof of extravagance by way of a change from well-meant tales of reformatory schools, or of the

strong-minded woman, whose "pride of sex" makes her propose to the gentleman as to the weaker vessel,—those who may be of Persian quarter-moonliness,—those who do not object to goblets at Christmas-time, nor to Paladins seven or seventy feet high, who ride rills outdoing the ride in Mr. Browning's capital ballad,—will enjoy 'Farins,' as a full-blooded specimen of the nonsense of Götting.—Readers of the class of Mr. Burchell need not trouble themselves to cut the leaves of the legend.

The Three Sergeants; or, Phases of the Soldier's Life: being Recollections of Military Service in Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, India, and the Crimea, with Details of the Battles of Quatre-Bras, Waterloo, Alma, Inkermann, Balaklava, and Sebastopol. By Thomas Morris, William Morris and William Morris, jun. (Ephingham Wilson.)

It is only in modern warfare that we find historians as well as fighters among the subordinate ranks. We wish such a circumstance had distinguished the ancient system—school-boys and the public generally would have greatly profited thereby. Cæsar wrote very dignified Commentaries, and he does not omit the incident of the "colour-sergeant" of the 10th legion, who leaped into the sea with his eagle and dashed forward to the British coast, while the Roman troops were looking down over the sides of their ships at the depth of the water, and hesitating between a ducking and dishonour. We should, however, have been glad if we could have possessed any account of the dashing affair, given by him—the anonymous hero whom Cæsar identifies, but does not name—in the words "qui x legione, aquila ferat." He was a stout-hearted fellow, who talked of officium and said nothing about gloria. Duty was the only word on his lips. One would have rejoiced to hear so honest and so brave a fellow narrate the incidents of the war that came within his ken; how he may have tried to talk with the British hostages; how the commissariat went on in Kent, how the horses of Commius flourished on this side of the water, how the hardy soldiers turned ship-wrights at a pinch, how Cassivellaunus looked at his levies, and how jolly the colour-sergeant and his comrades were in cooking and eating the hares, geese and chickens which the simple aborigines reared to look at, but not to dine upon. So we would willingly exchange a good deal of what we know about the battle of Philippi, to be made acquainted by an eyewitness of the precise incident which caused Horace to drop his shield and fly. We should like to know what those around the valiant versifier exclaimed when he committed his act of immortal cowardice, to which he afterwards gave a religious touch by declaring that he achieved it by the special aid and influence of a god:—

*Stol me per hostes Mercurius odor,
Dense paventem exstitit ante oculos.*

Again, we have Marathon as a grand picture, but we should like to hear what subalterns on either side might have had to say on that critical position of the struggle, when Persians and Sacæ broke through the Athenian phalanx and chased the tribes led by Aristides and Themistocles over the plain and up the valley towards the inner country. How many an anecdote have we lost for want of a small chronicler to tell us what was said, thought, suggested, or achieved before Miltiades recovered the glory of the day! There were Macedonian officers in Alexander's army who kept journals, for Arrian has quoted them, but these were the journals of generals of division, and though we

see more pleasantly therefrom how things went at Arbela, we should have had other and equally useful information had any quartermaster in Melesger's troop jotted down his experience—any subaltern in the brigade of Perdicaæ written home letters to his friends, who afterwards published them—or any attendant of Amyntas, who left his brigade to go recruiting, been able to tell up whether that dashing cavalry officer was delighted or otherwise at not having to encounter the Artachian cavalry of the fierce enemy in front. Some generals, indeed, have been anecdotal enough, and nothing can well be more lively than the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand." We are indebted to its gallant author, Xenophon, for many an admirable incident. Among others, to that episode which tells us of those tyrant Armenians who sucked their beer or barley-wine through reeds, as Jonathan does his sherry-cobblers. It was beneath the author to say much more, but it is a pity that some valiant trooper did not hand down to us the incidents of the jollifications that went on among the Armenians and the Greeks. We have the bills of fare, and even something more;—we see generally the luscious joints, the "plenty of bread—both wheat and barley,"—the funny fellows crowned with hay garlands, the mutual strangers bawling to each other in languages which neither could understand, and then drinking to each other by stooping down to the beer jars and loudly drawing through the straw reeds that potent beverage, as "exceedingly pleasant," as Xenophon remarks, "to those who drank." For want, however, of a subaltern chronicler we lack a thousand incidents that would have laid open to us the inner life of these rollicking Armenians, and of less hospitable hosts whose territory was passed over by the renowned "Ten Thousand."

In these later days we are more fortunate,—as in more volumes before us simply serve to show. It contains the experience of three sergeants, two brothers, and the son of the younger brother. The elder brother is the responsible author and editor. In the first capacity he goes over well-beaten ground, where his brother and himself won promotion and medals. In the second, he details chiefly the adventures of his nephew, as they are connected with those of brave companions, gallant allies and worthy foemen. Each sergeant, however, speaks in the first person, and the book is all the more lively,—for, after all, each man does, in effect, tell his own story.

The eldest sergeant did not commence his career very promisingly,—of which the following incident, which occurred at the battle, which was then in charge of the British, will show:—

"Though we were billeted on the inhabitants, yet we had our regular rations, and were prohibited from taking anything from them without paying for it. As I had not yet been three months from home, the severity of the duties pressed very hard on me; and one night while on sentry on a post of very considerable importance, although I knew that the safety of the town might depend on my vigilance, yet I really felt so overpowered by sleep that I could not resist it, so laying myself down on the ground, with my firelock by my side, I fell asleep. Time passed quickly, and I was awakened by a most terrific dream, an immense lion, I fancied, was about springing on me. In the utmost terror I started to my feet, instinctively grasping my musket, and heard footstep after footstep. I had distinct presence of mind to give the usual loud cry, 'We come there!' and then the 'grand rounds' was the reply. I demanded 'Stand fast, grand rounds; advance, sergeant, and give the counter-march.' The sergeant advanced a few paces, pronounced the mystic words, and I called out

'I am on, grand rounds, all's well.' It would not have been 'Well for me, had they caught me asleep, as the punishment for such a crime, at such a time, and under such circumstances, would have been very severe. In a few moments afterwards, the relieving sentry came round, so that I had been a long time asleep. I did not feel the more inclination to sleep that night, I thanked God for my deliverance, and vowed never again to indulge in a 'nap' while on sentry."

An incident from the second sergeant's story will not be found inapt at the present moment.—

"We landed at Point de Galle on the 2nd of September, 1817, and marched from thence to Colombo; but the 53rd relieving us there, we were transferred to Trincomalee to relieve the 15th regiment, who were time or time again sent to return to England after a twenty years' absence. General Brownrigg was our governor, and under his orders a long and desultory war was carried on against the natives, extremely harassing to the parties engaged in it, who, simply consisting of detachments from two regiments, occasionally assisted by the marines from the man-of-war Minden, and Orlando, frigate, and a body of Sepoy and Malay native troops. Frequent attacks were made upon the enemy, who, though they fought bravely, and had plenty of the munitions of war, were yet obliged to retire from their intrepid assailants, who were steadily and securely advancing towards the capital. This description of warfare was not much liked by us, inasmuch as, though we ran the chance of losing life or limb, there was no honour or credit to be gained by it. Our detached parties were often in danger of being cut off by the insidious foe, who, in such cases, inflicted on the unfortunate captives a torture and mutilation too horrible and too disgusting to mention; and the behaviour of our men to these atrocities, provoked a spirit of retaliation rarely resorted to among civilized nations; and some who, under ordinary circumstances, had not been remarkable for the possession of courage, did not scruple to strike blows which elicited commendation from the officers who witnessed them. This was especially the case with a young Irishman, named M'Loughlin, one of our 2nd battalion; he was so effeminate in his appearance and manners, and so foolishly nervous and clear in his private conversation, that he had obtained the nickname of 'The Lady M'Loughlin.' He was with us when the line of battle was formed on the field of Waterloo, on the 17th, at night; and two of his comrades being killed by a six-pound shot, sent as a special favour by the enemy's light artillery with a view of ascertaining the distance, the suddenness of this casualty had such an effect on the nerves of our delicate friend, that he fainted. How he was disposed of that night and the following day, during the battle, (his despondent said not; but some few days afterwards he turned up at Brussels, on the sick list. But in contending against the savage foe, in Ceylon, the fear of having his delicate form mutilated brought out the latent courage of the young hero in such a manner as to be effectual manner, that the general, who witnessed his bravery, instantly promoted him to the rank of sergeant; and gave orders that he should not be reduced from that rank except by the sentence of a garrison court-martial; and from that time there was an evident improvement in his conduct as a soldier, and he strove to keep up the prestige he had acquired for his bravery."

The third sergeant is chiefly occupied with the Russian War. It is a matter of astonishment to him—and not, indeed, to him alone—that the enemy, with the overpowering force he possessed, did not hold out longer, and, indeed, that he failed, with all his advantages, to carry off the crowning triumph. How the Marriens continued to serve their country may be gathered from a modest phrase touching Inkermann:—"Our family was wonderfully preserved here,—myself and brother, holy engaged, and yet mercifully spared." An anecdote of this battle shows an especial peril encountered by General Bosquet, as he came up with the gallant French

to help our little band, fighting at the moment against odds of fourteen to one.—

"At this moment the brave general was, perhaps, never so near death, for we had a man in our light company, an American, named 'Warrent,' who was armed with a Minié, and was considered one of our best marksmen, and as he saw the French advancing on our left, mistaking them for Russians, he said to his servant, 'Brophy, see me bring that Russian officer down!' The serjeant, by a motion of his hand, turned the piece away, and, in all human probability, saved the general's life. The circumstance was immediately reported to the captain, Fildrough, so that the fact can be well substantiated."

We add how William Morris, jun., gained his War Medal.—

"It is not for me to say much about myself, but I think no one will dispute the fact that I did my duty. At the close of the battle I saw some Russian soldiers advancing, so collected together a few of our stragglers, and taking the command of them, we drove the enemy back. For this special service I have been rewarded with the gold war medal from the French Emperor."

We recommend this modest volume to our readers; they will close it with the feeling that the only thing that can ever fail English soldiers is efficiency in their leaders.

MINOR MINSTRELS.

Psyche's Interludes. By C. B. Cayley. (Longman & Co.)—After the tragical comes the farce, and after translating Dante Mr. Cayley shows us that, like the Author of *Childe Harold*, he is fond of a joke. The book contains only two Interludes, 'Psyche Lampati,' and 'Psyche Lovellit'; but is made up of various other matters in which the tricky spirit of fun twinkles, and the true spirit of poetry is demonstrably visible. In a few clever stanzas the author gives us the quintessence of 'Aurora Leigh,' and a very ludicrous prelude to a 'Short time Ago,' concludes thus—giving us Mr. Kinglake's social philosophy in a summary way:—

Thus much I mean; God save our Queen,
And all true hearts that love her;
And teach us her back again to clean
Before we hear of her death.

—Some of the lines in 'Collections of an Irish Wake' are characteristic and irresistible. The cousin of the "purty corpse" (*foy*).

The wind it is warblin', and moanin', and coot!
The devil be knows what the wind would be doin'!
If the shoon from her coffin came out in the room,
We'd a great knock and pale as the great day of doom.

There is light by the coffin in lovely array,
And surely now, childin', ye can't miss your way!
Past the pipe, doghouse, man, and stone round the
whisky.

And we'll talk of old times, and we'll wae her up frisky,
Bill Jackson, ye reason, draw downe the fire,
For the ale's fallin' thick, and the gut's raisin' higher;
Say, "It's out of my hand what I have to complete."

—Mr. Cayley does not do justice to his feeling and fancy in most of the serious pieces; but there is a pleasing sweetness in the following lines.—

The Cool of the Morning.
Low, as I loved in childhood well,
The life of waves that fling
On tawny sand the pebbly shell.

Are murmuring
From bay to marsh, that one light
Curl on it hardly shows,
Its boundaries with the sphere unite
As in the distance of the moon.

The gathering ardours of the Noon,
The storms that Eve may scare,
The solemn passage of the Moon,
Are told them.

Here children play, and counterfeit
The golden show of life,—
Nor guess how vainly Pagan's boast—
"No sun will hurt me!" tells the strife!

How long and wonderful their day
To mortals may be given
How sweet, and grand, and far away,
Are the eyes of Heaven.

Wayside Gatherings. By E. M. T. (Richardson.)
—Some very unpretending verses by a humble follower of Cowper and James Montgomery. There are many persons who would find pleasure in read-

ing them. It is not every tree that bears fruit; but leaves only, and are yet welcome to shade their place. Many of the pieces have a dim religious light, and a quiet kindly feeling. The verse flows nicely without any novelty. One or two of the poems are touched with pleasant humour. In this quotation, for example, we rather like the crew of the crew-like bird the Book, for the reflection it casts on its human representatives,—also the cheerful way in which the Lark stands up for the Minor Minstrels, and sings his merry song, having no cares for complaint.—

"Good night, Sir Book," said a little Lark,
"The daylight fades, it will soon be dark;
I've baid my wings in the sun's last ray,
I've sung my hymn to the dying day;
To now I haste to my quiet bed
In my dewy dreamy—good night, Sir Book."

"Good night, poor Lark," said a titled friend,
With a haughty tone and a distant bend;
But not to sleep on the cold damp ground;
The fittest place for a bird like me
Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine tree.

I open'd my eyes at peep of day
And saw you taking your upward way,
And thought your song, your food, and nest,
In *my* song like the sun's bright beams
Scouring the light to be seen or heard.

And *my* nest, what a lovely bird,
I trod the park with a princely air;
I rid my crop with the richest fare,
I fed and wandered—good night, *poor thing*!

"Good night, once more," said the Lark's sweet voice,
"I see no cause to repent my choice;
You build your nest in the lofty pine,
But to your slumber more soft than mine?
You make more noise in the world than I,
And so the sooner sleeping."

Footprints of Life; and other Poems. By Alasgar Hay Hill. (Cheltenham, Davies.)—The first poem is a faint reminiscence of the Byronic Sentimental. Here and there the author hovers about as near to poetry as the countryman who had never seen Her Majesty, but his grandfather had once stood a very good example of seeing the Duke of York, did to Royalty. For instance—

My soul sped with the willow leaf,
Where eddied sweetest odour flew,
And dream-like in the air I floated—

which is quite as none. In 'A Dream of Opium'—dreamt in Morphia's arms!—our author grows more spasmodic, and vapours about the "angel exhalations of the mind" rather cloudily, and talks about "glutting the eagles of his thirty soul," and of his dream "wakes up a forest of green ecstasies." His epithet of "fastidious," applied to Spring, we think new, and, considering the way in which that dainty season has treated us late years, it must be also true.

The Modern Scottish Minstrel. By Charles Rogers, LL.D. Vol. VI. (Edinburgh, Black.)—It is owing to the fault of Mr. Rogers, an editor, not of the poetry of Scotland, that we must range his book among the works of "Minor Minstrels." The volume before us is no better than its predecessors. The "Prefatory Observations," by Mr. H. S. Ritchie, would be rejected as stale by many a hardy boy or rooper of the North Country, who has his Ramsay and Burns by heart, and knows somewhat of our Shakespeare and Milton, to whom it would be hurt when he is told that Poetry is not prose, that a Ballad is not an Epic, and that Scotland and England are widely different, with a border betwixt them! Mr. Charles Mackay is the principal minstrel drawn on in this volume, and his songs are among the best of those collected. Others, as for instance the following specimen, by Mr. Outram, are wearisomely vulgar.—

Chorus on a Bowl of Ale.
I used to spend a week in life,
An' now I met it proved to be,
For there I met a wasson wife,
Lamenting her vintage.
Her grief brak out as she luv'd and fell;
I thought her heart wad burst the shell;
And I was left to myself,
I wad be an annuity.

The bangle took her enough,
She said was tawdry; an' sixty three;
I couldna guess she'd prove as leugh
By human ingenuity.

But years have come, and years have gone,
When there shad not as start a stain;
The said wife's growing young again
When the green an' white was hissing
With a thousand swelling strains!

There are many verses of the same story. In other ditties, again, we have *Lingua Franca*,—neither Scotch nor English, &c.—

Do you know what the birds are singing?
(Can you tell their sweet refrain,
When the green an' white was hissing
With a thousand swelling strains?)

Something kinder may be said of the two songs, 'The Auld Kirk Bell,' and 'The Auld Aik Tree,' by John Halliday, a contemporary author. Yet in these we do not find the minstrel so much as the mocking-bird. To write in peasant dialect now can be natural to no one; and the Northern Minstrel must seek as anxiously for the old tunes of the hedge and harvest-feld, as the Ayrshire Ploughman or Durkirk Shepherd or Nithsdale Mason had to seek ere he could be sure that Alexander and Olympus, and Lethe, and Tempe and Parnassus, were judiciously placed in his verses, by way of giving them a polite and classical air. The painters who delighted in representing themselves and friends in the most ridiculous manner, were as essentially masqueraders as those who set forth *Juno* in a hoop, or *Saint Cleotilda* in the ruff, head-tire and couical petticoat of the court in whose chapel she was to figure. Modern pantois in literature is hardly admissible.—Lendings and to lovers of Spanish Art the greatest curiosity contained in this volume will be the name of Mr. Stirling, of Keir, who is pressed into the ranks of the Scottish Minstrels on the strength of his 'Songs of the Holy Land,' originally published in a handsome octavo volume in 1846; and the shorter of the two specimens lent by him to Dr. Rogers will satisfy most of the many admirers of the 'Life of Velasquez.'—

Shallum.
Oh, waste not thy we on the dead, nor bemoan him
Who finds with his fathers the grave of his rest;
Sweet slumber is his, who at night-fall laid thro' him
New banners that were never done before.

But sorely bewail him, the weary world-ranger
That sail'd to the home of his people return;
His wanderings of sorrow and grief, his sad strain,
No tear of true sorrow shall hallow his urn.
And mourn for the monarch that went out of Zion,
King Shallum, the son of Josiah the just;
For the best-bled of the Davidic shall be on one
Afar from his land, nor return to its dust.

In conclusion, this is the last volume of a series which is laid in proportion as the premises made for it were arrogant and high sounding.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Mauverrier's Divorce; or a Story of Woman's Wrong. By the Author of 'Whitstar,' &c. 8 vols. (Skeet.)—If there can be a greater bore in life than a man with a grievance, it is a woman with wrong. It is not selfishness that makes society hard-hearted to both classes; it is the instinct of common sense which dictates that when people cannot right themselves, nor yet set in motion the machinery which might help them, it is more dignified and becoming of rational beings to keep silence, and not let their life dissimulate a spoonful of warm water. Complaints, well founded, are the seeds of the milder grief of pity. In fact, there is no virtue that so soon evaporates as sympathy; people grow tired of being sorry for what they cannot help, and becoming angry at a grievance that will not be driven away by the force of their own feelings by declaring that it is the "people's own fault." Life is a battle, and those who cannot fight for themselves, meet with no quarter. A novel founded on a grievance, is not likely to touch any key-note to popular sympathy,—but rather to make readers turn aside and seek the other side. 'Mauverrier's Divorce' is written in a coarse, declamatory, vehement style. The heroine, on her own showing, brings down all her woes upon her own head. Doing as she did, nothing better could have been expected. Equally devoid of common sense and self-control, she lays herself out to a series of fatal coincidences and false appearances, which can bear but one interpretation. Her innocence is problematical, and her ardent protesta-

reactions make the book very dull reading. Her roving angel might perhaps drop a tear over her "woman's wrongs"; but the conscientious critic can only declare that she has made a very bad use of them, and that "Mauleverer's Divorce" is not a novel of "pleasant pages."

The Lady of Glynn; or, The Tale. By Anna Lisle. (Groombridge & Sons.)—This is a little book that might have been made a good one. The idea is good, the title is good,—but the story as it stands is an abstruse romance of high-class crimes feebly described,—the violence will not be felt. Nor can we well be more illicite than the wiles and actions of the people; they remind us of an old stage direction in a child's tragedy.—"Enter Sir Julian chained to a wall; exit in a rage!" We never read so many crimes so competently executed, yet rather attempted, for we never happy to see that the guardian angel always interfere at the crisis of fate, and wards off the mischief. The dark heroine makes up her mind to poison her rival, the fair one, and walks across the park at ten o'clock at night to go to the village drugget for arsenic. The husband, who is very busy, is content to circumvent her,—substitutes magnesia, and allows it to be administered; and, after such full proof of her murderous intentions, gives her an opportunity to try again with a dagger. The whole story is weak and silly,—beyond permission it abuses the privilege.

The Lady of Glynn. By the Author of 'Marguerite and her Bridesmaids.' 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—There is a great deal that is both excellent and charming in this book. It is extremely well bound, and there is a refined tone and of good sense in the sentiment that goes far to atone for the improbabilities, not to say impossibilities, of the story. The Lord of Glynn, who as he eventually "goes off" to be married to a belle, must be considered the hero, is of the old Devon type, trained, educated, and bred. The authors seem enamoured of the strong will and imperious temper which brooks no obstacles and recognizes no opposition, and will give ear to no reason but its own. A genius which is real life is inefficient to deal with, as by the time the hero, when from the ideal condition of a lover, he becomes a husband of earthly woman. Little Nellie, the heroine, is a willful little fairy with her truth and honesty, and wishes to do the thing that is right, at whatever cost to herself. Two other spectacles are accorded to people who are bored, and to conversations which are long drawn out. The mystery of the book, Lady Maria, is never explained, nor the wickedness by which she has brought sorrow and evil on all connected with her. The story wants body, and the readers are left discontented at being deprived of the explanation to which they had an undoubted right. The chief incident, the forced point on which the story is woven—the violent marriage, is left timidly unexplained, and the matrimonial difficulties are left unexplained.—A letter is vainly spent upon the record of unprofitable conversations and minor incidents about unessential people might have been well employed in making the story more substantial, and explaining to the patient and perplexed reader how things came to be in such a state. The story is like a Chinese picture—it all stands in the air,—and there is a fatiguing absence of ground to stand upon. The Author of 'Marguerite and her Bridesmaids' could write another novel still more agreeable if she would give her mind to it. She has a turn for incident and a brisk handling of sentences, and which makes us hope for a stronger and more sustained story than she has hitherto given us.

Phrenology made Practical and Popularly Explained. By Frederick Bridges. (Low & Co.)—This is a book on phrenology, with the usual diagrams of heads to illustrate the truth of the science. Amongst others, there is a diagram of the head of Prof. Owen, and underneath it the inscription, "This is the highest type of human head." Now, did it never occur to the author of this book to ascertain the opinion of the great "type" on the subject of phrenology? If he had done so, he would have found that the profound and philosophical anatomist, whom he justly includes amongst the greatest men, and which he might

have done from his works better than from his head, has no word to say in favour of phrenology. That the brain is the organ of the mind, that its size determines the character of the mind, and that particular parts perform different functions, are demonstrated facts in the science of physiology,—but that the shape of the skull is to be taken as the particular character of the individual, nobody who has studied the subject philosophically admits. It is the fascination of this premise that phrenology holds out of giving a deeper insight into human nature, for, by very vulgar and superficial means, than can be obtained by every other study in any other way, that traps the public into the purchase of such volumes as the above. Hence there is an abundant supply, and every year produces its crop of such scientific abstractions.

Supplement to the Fifth Edition of a Manual of Elementary Geology. By Sir Charles Lyell. (Murray.)—Sir Charles Lyell is particularly anxious that his geological knowledge should pass under his critical gaze before it gets much before the public mind. Hence he publishes every now and then a supplement to the last edition of his popular works, of which, his edition after edition appears, are always a reflection of the present state of geological science. The first part of the present Supplement is occupied with additional remarks on recent additions to our knowledge of the tertiary strata. The completion of Mr. Beadell Wood's memoir on the crag and upper tertiary shells of Britain suggests some remarks on British pleistocene strata. The late Prof. E. Forbes's researches on the Isle of Night strata, and others, have induced Sir Charles to propose a modification of the table of fossiliferous strata. Some new observations on the denudation of the Wealden are next referred to. But the most important subject discussed in this Supplement is the discovery of fossil mammals in the tertiary, or upper colitic strata of Danubiovalley. The researches of Dr. Loebl in Darlington Bay, near Swanage, ten new species of mammalia have been added to the six previously known as inhabiting the secondary strata of Europe. In addition to these proofs of the existence of more highly organized animals in the tertiary, the discovery of a fossilized human skeleton, supposed to exist, additional evidence has been obtained of the existence of Pleistocene plants in the coal formation, with which subject, and a short notice on the antiquity of fossil birds, Sir Charles's Supplement concludes.

Notes on the Geology, Mineralogy, and Springs of England. By Edwin Adams. (Longman & Co.)—A small book is not always an elementary book, and sometimes quite the contrary. By attempting to do a great deal in a small space, Mr. Adams has failed to make his subject intelligible, or his book readable. There are many better introductions to geology of a small size than the present insignificant production.

The Economical Housekeeper. By J. H. Walsh. (Routledge & Co.)—Mr. Walsh, of F.R.S., has been "nominated" by a committee of ladies in preparing this volume of "practical advice for purchasing the supplies of the house, and for preserving, baking, preserving, and pickling at home," and for managing "the dairy, poultry, laundry, and cellar." The directer occupy upwards of four hundred pages, and are rendered more available by a copious index, besides being illustrated by "numerous engravings on wood." All the remarks apply to incomes of 100*l.*, 250*l.*, 500*l.*, or 1,000*l.* a year. They include all possible topics, from the filling of the tub for the manufacture of condensed milk, to picking white mushrooms to "shopping" in Fleet Street, the repairing of boots and shoes, and the detection of adulterations. Mr. Walsh and his committee seem to have laboured conscientiously upon this compilation, the utility of which housekeepers will undoubtedly appreciate.

The Metropolitan Local Management Directory and Builders' Guide for 1857 is a useful publication creditably compiled; but the paper covers are somewhat flimsy.—Under the head 'Metropolitan Directory' is a publication of the same type, containing the Report by Dr. A. W. Hoffman and Mr. H. M. Witt, On Chemical Infiltrations.—*First Extracts from Memoranda of the Earl of Donaldson on the Use, Properties, and Products of the Bitumen*

and Petroleum of Trinidad, refer to certain projected embankments in the metropolitan tract so often referred to, the substances indicated are available. Among pamphlets of more modest appearance we have Mr. Alexander Platt's *New Financial Scheme, or Proposals for Adjusting the Balance of Trade in the Future of the Poor*.—Mr. Horatio Mann's *Civil Service Competition* is issued as a means of promoting popular education.—Lieut. J. Kingsley's *Invention, Water instead of Coal the Impelling Power, Steam Entirely Superseded*,—and *Our Future Cotton Supply, a Statement of Facts*, in which Mr. John Lubbock is quoted as saying that by extending works of irrigation and navigation in Southern India, "an immediate and inexhaustible supply of cotton will be secured to Great Britain."—Two of the miscellanies on our table refer to national reform, the first being *A Letter to Viscount Palmerston*, by J. G. M. Burd, and the second Lord Edoardo's Speech, delivered in the House of Commons in July of the present year.—"A Lancashire Man" publishes *A Few Words on Balloons and Reform*, addressed to Lord John Russell, and in which Mr. John Lubbock is quoted as saying that by extending works of irrigation and navigation in Southern India, "an immediate and inexhaustible supply of cotton will be secured to Great Britain."—Two of the miscellanies on our table refer to national reform, the first being *A Letter to Viscount Palmerston*, by J. G. M. Burd, and the second Lord Edoardo's Speech, delivered in the House of Commons in July of the present year.—"A Lancashire Man" publishes *A Few Words on Balloons and Reform*, addressed to Lord John Russell, and in which Mr. John Lubbock is quoted as saying that by extending works of irrigation and navigation in Southern India, "an immediate and inexhaustible supply of cotton will be secured to Great Britain."—Two of the miscellanies on our table refer to national reform, the first being *A Letter to Viscount Palmerston*, by J. G. M. Burd, and the second Lord Edoardo's Speech, delivered in the House of Commons in July of the present year.—"A Lancashire Man" publishes *A Few Words on Balloons and Reform*, addressed to Lord John Russell, and in which Mr. John Lubbock is quoted as saying that by extending works of irrigation and navigation in Southern India, "an immediate and inexhaustible supply of cotton will be secured to Great Britain."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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THE PERIOD OF DANTE'S VISION.

Navigation House, Surrey, Nov. 21.

There is scarcely a topic of more importance connected with the immortal Author of the 'Divina Commedia' that has not become a matter of controversy to the commentators, and a subject of keen dispute among the critics.

The exact day of Dante's vision is involved in uncertainty; and lately a learned Roman sought to show that the day of his death might also be deduced. When he began to write the 'Divina Commedia' is a question only a little less difficult to answer satisfactorily, than is another question—"When did he finish it?" We can only form an impression from certain portions were not written before certain years; but the question—"When did he first begin the poem?" cannot thus be answered, nor can we specify the time when he ended it. That the first seven cantos were written by Dante before his exile in 1302, though reported to have been found among his papers in Florence five years after, not even Giovanni Boccaccio could understand; and it required a miraculous vision of Dante's (ghost outside of conventional restraints), as the same author relates, to find out what he had done with the last thirteen.

The period of Dante's Vision has always been a subject of doubt; some placing the beginning of it in March, others in April, with a variation in the day of the month, and almost lead one to suspect the veracity of mathematicians themselves. Much, however, of this discrepancy has arisen from the circumstance of not keeping steadily in view the fact related of the full moon, though even here a question arises as to whether the said full moon is to be regarded as the real full moon, or only that which appeared in the calendar. It has been asked—"How could Dante know when the real full moon was the Church recognized only the calendar one, and he who acknowledged and received a full moon before that of the Church would probably have incurred an accusation of heresy." The question involves a difference of two days.

When Dante entered on his visionary voyage and found himself astray in the Selva, the moon was at the full, and the sun in Aries, or among those stars which at the creation, as it was supposed, were in that sign, and it was the anniversary of the death of Christ.

There was an early tradition preserved among the Christian Fathers, that the morning of the creation corresponded to the 25th of March, and this was also the day which those venerable men fixed upon for that of the death of Christ.

Boccaccio and Landino were both of opinion that the 25th of March was the day of the Selva, as the day when Dante began his voyage. Domenico Arivino, quoted by Dionisi in his 'Aneddotti,' says that the vision begins in March, but does not specify the day of the month; his words are—"prophetice visionis consuetudineque admodum admodum Domini 1300, anno *Quibet in mens Martii in die Venere*;" to this opinion the learned canon himself inclined, but he mentions also another day which he thought might, with good reason, be held to be it, the 12th of March, when at forty minutes past four in the afternoon took place the equinox. The reason for his preferring the 25th of March was from its being a sacred day to Dante, as the Festival of the Annunciation, from which the Republic of Florence dated the commencement of the year; but on neither of these days was the moon at the full.

Per Francesco Giambellari, who died in 1564, is said to have been the first to ascertain by astronomical tables, that Good Friday of 1300 was at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, the 4th, the sun being in the 22° of Aries, and the moon in the 23° of Libra—from this circumstance Polli Mazzoni, Lombardi, and others, held that Dante's Vision should be considered to have begun on Monday evening, April the 4th, and his voyage through the regions of departed souls, on Tuesday morning, April the 5th; so that he did not get to the Pandemonium till Sunday morning, April the 10th. The progressive stages of Dante's course have been in part noted down by him in a set of time-tables, kept according to the canonical hours, so that from the time he first entered upon it, to that at which he received the consummation of his desire in the highest heaven, and a flash of lightning terminated at once his vision and his voyage, we may calculate, with tolerable accuracy, the number of hours it occupied. It has been suggested that Dante regarded Thursday, the 5th of April, as the day of the anniversary of the death of Christ, and that it was the day after the full moon—and according to Tassoni, it would appear that, for a similar reason, Petrarca considered the 6th of April, 1327, to have been the anniversary of the Saviour's death, though it was not Friday. In 1300, Easter Sunday was on the 10th of April, that is well known; but on what day of the month was the moon at the full? Hitherto it has been customary to place it on the 4th—this is a mistake, unless the calendar full moon received by the Church be meant; the actual full moon took place two days later. I am indebted to an eminent astronomer, Mr. Hind, who very kindly calculated for me the exact time of the real Paschal full moon of 1300, for the fact that it took place on April the 6th, at 2 A.M., in the same time; this was Wednesday, and consequently, Thursday would be regarded by Dante as the anniversary of the death of Christ, and he would descend into hell at the time of the great commemoration of the Catholic Church, which takes place at Rome on that day, and, as with the Church of the reformed Church on Friday.

In the last canto of the 'Inferno,' v. 68, Virgil says to Dante:—

Ma se tempo, ad oramai
E' di sotto al tuo piede, il tutto s'è subito.

The night here alluded to as rising in the hemisphere of Rome, was the night of the second day of the voyage, according to our mode of reckoning; but with Dante and the Italians it was the night of the third day, for the Italian civil day begins and ends at sunset. Shortly after this Virgil makes the remark, that the sun had risen seven and a half degrees in the opposite hemisphere on the Mount of Purgatory.

Al qual si nota a mezza terra ride.

That is, it was at Rome mezzo giorno, or one hour and a half before sunset. The passage through to the opposite hemisphere was long and arduous: it took, as we gather from the description, 10 hours 30 minutes; and this, added to the 3 hours 30 minutes which the sun had been coming from the entrance into the infernal regions to that point in the earth's centre.

Al qual si traggon d'ogni parte i pesi,

according to the theory of universal gravitation then in vogue, and where Virgil so ingeniously compares the Resurrection of our Lord to the Devil to get away from him, gives fifty-one hours for this first part of Dante's memorable voyage, and brings us to a period of time corresponding to noon at Rome on Saturday, April 9th, just that moment when the Church celebrates the Resurrection of our Lord.

Petrarca was a witness affair to Dante,—it took the best part of four days to get clear of it. His flight through Heaven, however, was very rapid; he appears to have reached the Throne of God in twenty-four hours, thus counting his journey to the Throne and back. If this period we add the hours passed in the Selva, the whole time of the vision will be exactly one week, from the night of the full moon of Wednesday, April 6th, to the night of the Wednesday following, April 13th, three hours before midnight, and according to the Italian mode of reckoning, from the even-

ing of Thursday, 7th, to the corresponding time on the evening of Thursday, the 14th.

For the benefit of those students of the 'Divina Commedia' who would work out the time-tables of Dante for themselves, I add a list of the places where the time is mentioned:—

'Inferno,' canto 1. 37; vi. 118; xv. 62; xx. 64; xx. 127; xiv. 112; xlviii. 10; xlviii. 129;

'Purgatory,' canto 1. 19; i. 107; i. 115-117; i. 15; vi. 61; vii. 1; viii. 49; ix. 1; x. 13; ix. 6; xiv. 70; xlv. 76; xlv. 76; xlv. 76;

'Paradise,' canto 1. xlv. 5; xlv. 127; xlv. 77; 128; xxxiii. 114.

'Paradise,' canto 1. 49; xxii. 127; xxii. 77; xxvii. 82-87.

These periods of time are best shown by the *Orologio Pontano*, of which the *Piccola Fronte* was the first, I believe, to publish an example. This movable diagram is not difficult to make.—Dante has given the data for it, and, with a little consideration, the student may contrive one for himself. I have had mine in use for several years, and have found something of the sort absolutely necessary for a clear conception of many passages.

H. C. BARLOW, M.D.

OUR WEEKLY GHOST.

We believe that the Queen has appointed Mr. Roelgrave, R.A., Surveyor of Her Majesty's Pictures, in the place of the late Mr. Urina. The duties are said to be extended to a superintendence over all works of Art in the royal collection.

Unlikely things are sometimes found in out-of-the-way places. A copy of the first folio of Shakespeare's plays (1623) has been met with in a carpenter's shop near Maidenhead, and is now in proper hands. It seems that it was sold at a country auction near Maidenhead, with some other books, for a few shillings by the present owner. A copy of Spenser's Works, folio, 1613, which formerly was the property of one of our greatest poets of that day, has also turned up in the same auction near Maidenhead, with the second edition of the notorious production of Philip Stubbes, 'The Anatomy of Abuses.' At Reading, only a few weeks ago, a gentleman purchased three of the tracts of the celebrated Robert Greene, published between 1559 and 1611, including 'The Gentleman of Wit,' in which Shakespeare is designated as "the only Shakespeare in a country." It seems not at all improbable that some, if not most, of these rarities originally belonged to the same old library at Newbury, near Newbury, out of which Mr. Payne Collier's rare collection of Shakespeare of 1632 is reasonably supposed to have come. Such, there is some evidence to show, was the case with the folio Shakespeare of 1623, which devolved into the hands of the carpenter near Maidenhead. The library of the Perkins family in the House of Commons was sold at the end of the last, or in the beginning of the present century, and the books were probably dispersed over the surrounding neighbourhood.

It is needless to be able to announce that the Bernal Collection of Majolica and other fragile articles, which was lent to the Art-Treasure of Manchester, has been returned safely to the British Museum without any accident. This experiment has proved the feasibility of circulating similar examples from the stores of the collection of the British Museum for the benefit of provincial museums, and rendering the use of that Museum both national and metropolitan.

We have nothing to do with the following complaint, except to say that it is published by—

113, Thistle Street, Edinburgh, Nov. 21.

"As we are very unwilling to be regarded as pirates by the reading public, we entreat your aid in correcting an impression liable to be conveyed by Mr. B. in his advertisement of his edition of 'Gustav Frisinger's' 'Debit et Credit,' which he announces as the only copyright edition, stating that 'the author reserved the copyright of the translation, which has been transferred to the publisher. We believe that the author has at least a greater claim on the public than the C. O. publisher, published by ourselves, as in that of Mr. Malraux;

of the house fall on their knees and cling to the ruler's sword-arm. For Mr. Ward, who abounds in invention, the story is simply told. There are merely the two attendants watchfully bringing refreshments, the thoughtful old lady, the frightened servant, the clamorous fugitive, and some unengaged country who is startled with a loaded pistol, the two kneeling, out-door servants. The colours are simple. The kneeling woman recedes in pale purple and yellow; Alice Lisle in plain and lady-like black, in a pale white veil and bows over her forehead. The fugitive is in scarlet, stiff, skirted coat, and scarf, and maddled jack-boots. We see the long clayey lanes through which those sullen, cowed men, bleeding and afraid, spurring in hot haste,—startled at every trumpet sound, and maddened in the dull echo of every hoof. Then came the sight of the friendly row, the towering chimneys, the open door. They spurred and reared, flung themselves off, screamed for aid and help to the old lady, with the Cavalier's portrait for a brooch, clapped a pistol to the yelling heralds, and were gone. Mr. Corpe's picture of 'The Pilgrim Fathers' is in some points an improvement from his Academic design. The painting, though rather harder and more detached, is firmer, maturer, and surer, and the little boat of the Mayflower how starts from the Dutch coast under happier auspices, and with a more certain mood of success. If the faces are too smooth, and pretty, and tending to the weak, we forgive it for the kindly spirit and good religious intention manifest in the painter. If the thing were a little warmer, and more solid, it might be more like life. What do we see, then, if we look through Mr. Corpe's telescope at that quiet, cloudless morning on the Dutch coast? We see a slaying, sandy shore, crowned by some fantastic houses, and a dark-looking windmill,—a boat full of emigrants is a dancing off, and across of water, and emigrants are kneeling on the shore, praying God's blessing on their happy voyage. The groups are quaint enough, but true. There is the grave couple,—the good man with his enormous clasped crimson cloak, and the good wife with her white head-band, kindly face, so truthful and so relying. Behind is the enthusiastic man who is going to cheer, and the gentleman and brave son. There are all degrees of sympathy,—from the mere Dutch country girl who is looking on with a cold and enthusiastic preacher who, with upturned eyes and outstretched arms, sees the spirit of God descending on the departing. Nor is the boat's crew less deserving of interest. There is the young couple in the pride of life, with a long fount of Indian attacks and witch trials and all before them. The man's handsome face, brown, and shaded by his over-lapping hat, seems full of many undetermined and determination. The siveaty boatmen push at the boat, ankle deep in the water, while the children look with a surprised and interested countenance. The maiden turns her head on her hands, agitated with grief; while the boy, full of all the expectancy of life, handles his father's gun and tries the lock with a hopeful look that cheers the timorous and the fearful. There is something epical in this scene, painting as it does the first emigration of a great colony, founded in sorrow and fear by fugitives from happy homes, driven to the desert to herd with wild beasts and Indians. The regrets and dismay at the doubtful future interest us who know the glories which opened to their descendants' eyes.

FIRE-AT-GO HOME.—Mr. MacDowell's statue of Pitt, the ugliest of great men, is now placed upon its pedestal, guarding, with Torricelli and the mischievous nose, the right-hand side of the porch of St. Stephen. One pedestal more is to be filled, and the twelve political apostles are then complete. It is a difficult thing to make a hero of a lean, scarecrow of a man, with a dry, knotty forehead, and a woodcock nose,—but Mr. MacDowell has, at least, made him dignified and manly, though perhaps all the time he was at work longing to get back to his nymphs and Iphigenias, with the old Greek dreamy beauty wrapping them like a sail.

One of those singular, exceptional, and epical pictures with great painters sometimes starde

the world is now on view at Messrs. Jeunings's, Chesapeake. We allude to Sir E. Landseer's 'Titan and the Fairies,' a scene from the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which, shown for a moment, has for a long time been a lost thing to the general public. Every artist of even five years' standing must remember the story, and traditions about this fantasia, with its flowers and dyes, and its inimitable white rabbit, with its spectral eyes, will-of-the-wisp lighted, which quite eclipsed Titania,—for the picture is a fairy animal picture, not a fairy picture.

A lively lover of the cold, academic, Scriptural, romantic style should go and see M. Dubufe's 'Adam and Eve,' 'The Temptation,' and 'The Fall.' Those who do not like "great works" should stop away from the French Gallery. Our special temptation was to fall foul of the pictures,—to pity, not Adam's fall, but M. Dubufe's. As far as careful, dull, incurably average painting goes, here it is.

One of the ones of the Linnell forgery is to be decided to-day only. Mr. Claret's countenance, shown on Monday, that the mere writing of a name was not a forgery.—"There was no case which went the length of saying that the writing of an other man's name was a forgery at common law. The prisoner was not charged with uttering the name, but with uttering the picture." The opinion related, that the jury had found that the name was forged, and that the prisoner, knowing it, had uttered the picture. What difference, if a man utters a known bad shilling, whether he made it with his own hand or not?

The Science and Art Department, from its quiet rural home in South Kensington, issues a tempting syllabus of winter lectures. Dr. Playfair holds forth 'On Science Institutions,'—Mr. Burchett 'On the Central Training-Schools and its Methods,'—Mr. Deverill 'On Domestic Architecture,'—Mr. Ferguson 'On Architecture.' If clever men can not speak well about their life-long pursuits, who can!

Mr. H. Otley is delivering his useful Art-lectures at the Marylebone Institution. Helogins at the beginning, which is most judicious, and does,—reviews Art-history, from the days of the huddled Cimabue and Dante's Giotto down to the splendid climax of Raphael's and Titian's sun-embellished pictures. He then passes on to the various eclecticism of the mannerists, and their struggle with the naturalists. From this, by way stages, he moves on to the Dutch school, which he has a kind, apologetic word for, and so to the end, with some remarks on the Pre-Raphaelites.

The French papers publish, in ridiculous good faith, a cock-and-bull story about the discovery of a batch of Titians by M. About, a writer on Art, who ought really at his age to know better than to suppose that diamonds are picked up in every dust-heap. We thought that by these statements and learnt that Waterloo Street contains the treasures. Let M. About try to sell his Titian's 'History of Joseph,' and he will soon learn the true value of his purchase.

The inner court of the Schloss, at Stuttgart, is to be adorned by a colossal equestrian statue of bronze, of Count Eberhard von Birt, the renowned ancestor of the present royal family of Württemberg, whom Uhland has celebrated in many of his beautiful ballads. Herr Höfer, the sculptor, is engaged on the model of the monument. The statues which are to adorn the "Kaiser-halle" at Speyer have been commenced in the studio of Prof. Fernbach at Vienna. Those of Henry the Fourth, Adolf von Nassau, and Albrecht the Second, are already far advanced. In the fore-court of the studio the colossal lion may be seen, which is soon to find its place over the ashes of the slain on the battle-field of Aspern.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Rector Hall—Conductor, Mr. HENRY H. DAY, Secretary, HENRY H. DAY, Vocalists: Madame Riederfeldt, Mrs. Lockyer, Mr. Lockyer, and Mr. Wilson, with Orchestra of 70 Performers—Tickets, 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. per seat.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Classical Pianist, used at the Royal Academy of Music: a Selection of Movements from the Works of the Great Masters. Edited by Misses Richards. 2 vols. (Cooks & Co.)—There is a musician in this title,—since the books before us do not contain fragments, but complete works, and, except them, further, as an introduction to the elaborate compositions of the classical writers, provided "introduction" mean not preparation, but presentation; since the series of twenty-four works here collected includes many of the highest, and most difficult masterpieces for the piano.

Though the deciding motive as regards some of the items is not clear, the amount of variety is considerable, and the work contains some noticeable features. Though many specimens by Beethoven are given, we do not comprehend the profusion of his *Sonatas* in F sharp major to a dozen others, which could be named. A happier choice, again, might have been made than two of the works by Mozart—those in F and in D. The German National Air, No. 14, by Chopin, is not "classical." On the other hand, we cordially recommend the reproduction centre of Clementi's *Opera 10*; otherwise the three superb *Sonatas*, the third of which, 'Didone Abbandonata,' is one of the most impassioned things existing in music. So, too, the selection of Weber's *Sonata in C* (Op. 24), and of Hummel's in D (Op. 106), is excellent; but why, we must ask, if these composers figure in such a book, could not room be found for some specimen by Prof. Moschetti, than whom no one has written with greater individuality or finer intelligence at the pianoforte? The 'Grand Pastorale,' by Field, is weak and struggling, however elegant. His strength did not lie in grandeur,—not in heroic statuary, but in cameo cuttings. We dwell on the *Sonata* by Chopin, his *Opus 3*, because it is a novelty to us, and one which, though often (and lately) classified "romantic" is most interesting to examine,—pregnant with real, definite, musical ideas, indicating the struggles of one who had a style of his own. The phrase of four quavers in the second bar of the *Allegro*, is "worked to death"; and yet (explain this who can) it is weak and struggling, however elegant. 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Dance Capricious, by Herr Raff—are examples of the thing substituted for music now-a-days worth pointing out to those who may be disposed to try everything that declares itself new and deep. The waltz is, indeed, a curious thing. A prodigy by Herr Wilmers, matrically entitled '*Rococo*,' in Part VIII., is as good as the above-mentioned pair of Capricious are trashy and chthonic. In Part VII. too, there is a Scherzo by Herr Lischner, made so "orleary and so" as if not.

According to the fashion of the time, that we shall look out with interest for other music signed by the same name.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—'Il Birraio di Preston,' Signor Ricci's setting of 'Le Brasseur de Preston,' already done into French music by M. Adam, was produced on Tuesday, with some singers who did not kill them appeared. The performance gave us no cause to reverse the judgment already expressed of this undertaking. Signor Ricci's opera might be pretty in certain passages, though it is scored more grossly than almost any Italian music we know, were it creditably performed; but such epithet can be only given to Signor Georgetti among the *dramatis personæ*. Though an apology was made for him, he was the only one of the company who sang agreeably. If any report is to be given of an entertainment making high profession, and at high prices, that report must be a black mark. No ultimate good is done to the luckless and mediocre folk who have come hither with notions of conquering Britain,—less good still to our own singers, who get no opportunity of conquering even their own country, and of doing the truth.—The affair, in brief, has been bad, from first to last,—but the bills announce "success."

HAYMARKET.—The skill of the practised dramatist in making trifles appear important has often been exhibited by Mr. M. Morton in his farces; and without story interest, his plays have been contrived that have provoked unreflecting laughter. These follow in such rapid succession as to preclude thought. Even such a farce is the new production placed on these boards on Monday, for the purpose of following Mr. Tompkins's new play of 'The Unequal Match'; and that served well enough for the purpose of unbending the mind that has been exercised in attention to an intellectual drama, chiefly depending on dialogue, and is now ready for some merely sensational excitement. (Take care of Durb—) is the mysterious title of the little amusing piece in question. It concerns the fortunes of a certain pedagogue, Mr. James Wallop by name, who is interested in the matrimonial happiness of a quondam pupil, Mr. Christopher Dowbiggin (Mr. W. Fyfe), and who, as the lover of Mrs. Dowbiggin's sister Penny, in her own, and accordingly causes Mr. Charles Remsey (Mr. E. Villiers) through all his doilies, and suffers much personal damage in consequence. Mr. Buckstone permeates the drama as a stage-master, and falls through glass hot-house, rides unruly horses, and shoots scarecrows, (thinking that he has committed murder,) with the most absurd industry, in order that his old and favourite scholar may be properly taken care of, now that his domestic peace is threatened. Having been sufficiently laughed at, poor Wallop is convinced of his mistake, and delivered into the care of his wife, who has, in a fit of jealousy, followed him to Dowbiggin's country villa. Mr. Buckstone most sedulously improves these well worn-out stage positions, and carries the main action triumphantly through, touching the different points with his own originality, and thus giving the gloss of novelty to the old and even obsolete. The trifle will doubtless answer its temporary purpose.

OLYMPIC.—'What will they say at Brompton!' is the title of a new farce, by Mr. Stirling Coyne, produced at this theatre on Monday. Mr. Robson, who has been absent for a few weeks, re-appeared on the occasion, and supported the part of Mr. Todd, the hero of the piece, which in itself is but the framework of a romantic dream. We learn from the introduction that Mr. Todd and his wife

(Miss Wyndham) propose a tour to Italy, when Mr. Croker (Mr. G. Cooke), a melancholy old uncle, enters and dissuades them from the journey, telling them frightful stories of troubles and perils, of brigands, and of the plague. He concludes, however, by saying, 'I am not a fortune-teller; but these beggars, but is not the loss of influence; and having smoked an opiate cigar, falls asleep. The apartment is at once converted into an Italian mansion, in which Mr. Todd, who is fond of the concertina, has been waiting for the arrival of his bride, and the instrument. With the ruffianly uncle himself he has already had a dangerous skirmish; and, though naturally a timid man, has shown such coolness in the hour of danger, planting with the utmost precision a bullet in the shoulder of the brigand, and escaping from his clutches in the strangest manner, that the bluff brigand (Mr. Addison), on again making his acquaintance, is desirous of adding him to his band, and moreover, insists on his marrying his aforsaid niece. Todd has already dreamed that his wife was drowned off Genoa, and agrees to the arrangement; but finds she has a rival, in another member of the band, who threatens him with assassination in case the marriage takes place. Of course, the unwounded Mrs. Todd comes also on the scene, and is taken care of by the brigand in his own peculiar way. Her presence perplexes in no small degree the proposed arrangements. But all is put an end to by the reported arrival of the military, and the consequent determination of the bandits to set fire to the dwelling. The conflagration commences, much to Todd's terror, who wakes at the height of the emotion. The part is well suited for Mr. Robson, whose personal vanity, affected bravery, regard for the world's opinion, and comic force, are successively revealed, that attention to minor details, which only this actor can so fully make. Small as the part is, the points of study are innumerable. The piece, too, looks well from the front. The scenery and costumes are picturesque accompaniments that lend to the humorous situations a romantic background, breathing in itself. The production was successful.

STANDARD.—This little theatre deals in occasional pieces, and last week has taken advantage of the newspaper disputes concerning the new-minted word 'telegraph,' to produce a piece under that title. It is written by Mr. John V. Bridgman. The action is conducted by a Mr. Maximilian Rodgers (Mr. Emery), and a Mr. Wendell (Mr. O. Sumner), who meet at a telegraph office; and then, over a glass of brandy and water, quarrel as to the respective proprieties of 'telegraph,' 'telegame,' and 'telepon,' until from words they come to blows. A complexity of plot, in which the ladies are concerned, interferes with this conflict, and brings the piece to an ordinary conclusion.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSPEL.—In continuation of our remarks on the musical doubts and discrepancies of London during this early season, we may glance at the musical signs which have taken place since we wrote last on the subject.—The first of these was the first *Choral Rehearsal* at Exeter Hall, held yesterday week. This, however interesting and calculated to be of use, as most pleasurable and serviceable training, hardly comes yet into the category of representations to be reported on. But, let us ask, in what capital, save ours, could more than a thousand chorists so competent, most, if not all, of them, unprofessional, be summoned together at so early an hour, and so many may glance at the signs which we English possess in so remarkable a degree, now runs a fair chance of being reinforced by those qualities of complete expression, simultaneous precision and sympathy, which foreign amateurs, being more time at command, and less desirous of running through the world's variety of music, acquire by close and perpetual practice. When to our promptitude we have added more finish and sensibility, we English may claim 'the crown of the casework' (as the old northern phrase of proverbial fame has it) among the choicest people of the world. This day week the *Crystal Palace* goes had given to them to enjoy good orchestral music—Herr Pauer playing Weber's 'Concert Stück'—and

singing by Miss Ransford and Mr. Santley; who, contemporaries state, followed up the favourable impression created by him at St. Martin's Hall, by exhibiting different music to a different public. There is the stuff in this young singer, we fancy, out of which a great career may come. The concert of equally good quality, to divide occupation with Mr. Sims Reeves, would now be a boon.—Mr. Swift, having disappeared from England, at the month's end, he was most wanted, and other gentlemen in promise, being so exclusively devoted to travelling opera, that first-class concert and oratorio singing is hardly to be expected from them, since there can be small time to polish or power to improve under the best conditions of vagabondism. The anniversary of Mozart's death, on this day week, on which occasion a concert, exclusively of the master's works, is to be given at the *Crystal Palace*.

We learn that Miss Dolby is about to pass December and January in Germany. This is bad news for our Christian oratorio.—On the other hand, we understand that Miss Gertrude Kemble will probably appear in 'The Messiah' at St. Martin's Hall next month.—Madame Lemmens-Starrington is expected to arrive in England almost immediately.

On Monday an original sort of concert was given on one of Messrs. Bishop's new organs, by Mr. Hallett Shepherd, in conjunction with Herr Deichmann, the violinist.—The *People's Concerts* at St. Martin's Hall (it is instructive to shew, with reference to last week's remarks) have come to a stop already.—The *Anteater Society* held its first meeting on Monday evening. Here, again, we reach the bright side of London music, in the keeping together of a body of accomplished persons, some of whom, besides playing, have some compositions meeting performance. What is more, though it would be Utopian to expect any great advance in technical completeness from the separate wind or stringed instruments composing the orchestra, their collective sounding of the music, which they attempt improves from year to year. We have heard Beethoven's First Symphony worse rendered, and infinitely worse read, by professional orchestras of pretension within the last ten years in England. The *Anteater Society*, the orchestra naturally took its utmost pains. Improvement in accompaniment, too, was shown in its support of Mr. S. W. Waley's *Pianoforte Concerto*, to the merits of which (and they are not few) thorough justice was done by Madame Koch. This lady, besides being finished as a player, combines a certain steadiness with *finesse* amounting almost to originality of style. The last is rare among lady pianists; whom, for the most part, without any melody, the line—

Most women have no character at all, might be applied. One has overdone the dashers of the other sex—another caricatured the classicism or carelessness of the Composer—a third carried dramatics to the point of the most unbecomingly devised by a waking spirit of exaggeration—a fourth, but we are running into the veriest gossip, let me stop.

To return to more immediate matters, let it be noted (apart from the fact that we were told last week that M. Jullien's "mouth is up" this year without its having incited a Mendelssohn night, or a Beethoven night, or a Mozart night).

Among other aids and helps to public knowledge of our Handel in this Handel time, we may call attention to the coming performance of his noble 'Funeral Anthem,' by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir.—The Bach Society, we observe, has resumed its meetings for practice. After all, how little is the way which has been made for Bach, with all his intellectual musical science and invention, as a vocal writer, since his disinterment in this character (for such it was), some quarter of a century since!—The greatest intelligences in Europe have studied him,—the most potential advocates have preceded him; but he remains to this day almost as nearly as possible the gipsies wondered at by Wordsworth in the same place, so far as the public for vocal and choral music is concerned. It does not appear

that even in Germany, where the fashion has been to give Bach a place of supremacy, the splendid publication of his MS. works by the Bach Society has been attended by any increased trial of them before the public. As they have been taught to venerate him as "first of the first," surely the presentation of these things might have been expected,—were the enthusiasts sincere and (which is a matter almost as important) the works presentable.

A Correspondent asks, "Can any one tell who arranged the words of *his first* to go—

From Shemstone's 'Pastorals,' and added sundry verses,—in particular that last one,

I sing in a rustic way,
A shepherd and one of the throng,
But Holo approves it (say)
Go, poets, and envy my song,

which I have heard sung, but cannot find, for the moment, any printed copy of the words to the music! The thing is a pastiche, and not, as such, worth much trouble, but some of your readers, or persons of old English music-bones, may be able at once to oblige me with a note in answer to my query. O."

The Manchester papers, some weeks ago, were explicit in their disapprobation regarding Millie Fiecolmont and her playfellows there, who met with scanty success in the cotton capital. That the same fate (a repetition of the Paris verdict) has since attended the lady in Holland, we learn from the foreign papers. Let us offer these notices by way of answer to correspondents, who, maintaining the young lady to be a calamitated Perfection, have assumed individual caprice to be our reason for stating that "a bird who cannot sing, cannot sing."

The Italian Operas at Paris appears to be going on strangely. Signor Viani, a new tenor, has been tried, and found fairly good, but not quite good enough.—Signor Sacconiano, a *tenore di forza*, who was about to appear, is said to have thrown up his engagement.—M. Chapuis, a third tenor, from whom much was expected at the *Grand Opéra* a few years ago, having since Italianised himself, is about to have a trial.—The papers announce, too, the return of Madame Cambardi, who has already tried at the *Théâtre Lyrique*, and who, being at the Italian theatre at second demand.—Then, the *Morning Post* states that Madame Viardot has been engaged for a series of representations, of which Signor Rosini's *Desdemona* is to be one, at the master's own request.—Yet it is only a day or two since that we were reading of the brilliant successes of Madame Alberti and Madame Nantier Didot—both ladies aspiring to Madame Viardot's repertory.—This is incoherent work, to make the best of it, no measure save the last being left to restore the superfluous fortunes of the theatre. It illustrates, however, from another quarter the decadence of the art of singing in Italy. But example on example pours in to prove this.—The Italian papers trumpet the triumph at Milan, in Signor Ricci's "Don Juan d'Auza," the new singer, a young London lady, and one of the two whose performance in "Gli Ultimi Giorni di Suli," six weeks ago, was found so very bad by our Correspondent, that he forbore to name her. Now that the echoes of triumph have broken out, we must cry either "*Poor Maria*," or "*How Not true!*"—The state of the foreign press on those subjects—so calculated to mislead all those who cannot hear, or who dare not judge for themselves,—throws increasing difficulties in the way of art, which, for a thousand reasons, is to be regretted.

The management of the *Opéra Comique* of Paris is about to pass from the hands of M. Perin into those of M. Nestor Roqueplan. An error was made in announcing M. Dumorey, the new singer at the *Grand Opéra*, as *tenor*, since he is a *bass*.

MISCELLANEA

"*Natural Mysteries.*"—Your Correspondent "E. G. R." furnishes you with an interesting halting on the marvel quoted by you from Dr. Livingstone. I will relate to you what came under

my own notice. Some years since, a terrific bitch, formerly the property of the late Lord Darnley, came into my father's possession,—she had three puppies, and one of these (a bitch) I gave to the late Adam Park, then surgeon in Gravesend, and brother to Mungo, of African celebrity. The puppy was sent to his stable, and in this place was a bitch with young ones,—the mother died, and the young ones as it were adopted the newly imported mother, and suckled at her dogs. The result was a good supply of milk, and they continued to draw sustenance from her as from their natural mother.

Gray's 'Elegy.'—Respecting Gray's 'Elegy,' your Correspondent "Cantabrigia" inquires, "Is there any ivy-mantled tower in (i.e. Stoke Poges) neighbourhood?" I answer, there is, the tower of Upton Old Church, about two miles from Windsor. In consequence of some repairs that were executed some years since, the ivy that once completely covered the tower has been partly destroyed, but there is still sufficient remaining to show it has been. Moreover, any one who knew the place ten or fifteen years ago would bear testimony as to the applicability of terming it a "neglected spot." The tower also was, and perhaps still is, the abode of owls, and there is a fine old yew in the churchyard. Your Correspondent says that no ivy exists on Thaxington Church tower, and he adds "nor, indeed, is that necessary for the vindication of the claim now in question, since the epithet 'ivy-mantled' would seem to apply rather to a tower at some little distance off." So. But if the 'Elegy' were written in a churchyard would not the epithet "yonder" point to the church tower?—and if a church could be found in the neighbourhood of Windsor agreeing in every respect, and which this church certainly is, would not the description in the 'Elegy,' might not that church to have the preference to any other?

R. B. W.

French Theatrical Properties.—As often as 'Les Noces de Figaro' is performed at the *Théâtre Français* the popular notices, in the theatre, pronounce his judgment on which Count Almaviva pronounces his judgment. This chair, which shows marks of the luxurious taste of the time of Louis XIV., together with the stiffer form of that of Louis XVI., is with its sculptures, gildings, velvet coverings, and other ornaments, a most valuable piece of furniture. It was the *faisseau de trône* which adorned, in the Palais Royal, the *salon* of Philippe Egalité, in his quality of prince of the royal blood. Traces of the crown and the arms of the house of Orleans are still visible on it. It was given to the theatre by Charles the Tenth. Another chair, less brilliant, but even more renowned, is that of the 'Malade Imaginaire.' According to tradition, it is the same easy-chair in which Molière first performed the part of Aron. When, at the end of the last century, the *Théâtre Français* was at the *Odéon*, it was visited by a terrible fire. The principal fear of the actors was, that the precious chair might be lost. However, a certain M. Fontus, who was employed at the theatre, saw it at the bottom of his life, hurled it out of the window, where it escaped miraculously from being broken into pieces. Only with the assistance of an opera-glass the antiquarians of the pit can perceive at present that one of the legs of Molière's old easy-chair has been injured by fire. Another interesting item in the inventory of the *Théâtre Français* is the bell which is heard in the first act of 'Don Juan d'Au-triche.' It is nothing less than one of the bells which, on the 24th of August, 1572, gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. There were three of these bells, of different sizes, in the Church of St.-Germain l'Auxerrois, and it was they which made answer to the first tones of the neighbouring Louvre. During the Revolution these bells were sold; a bell-founder of the name of Trubion bought them, re-selling the smallest of the lot to the *Théâtre Français*, for the first representation of 'Edouard en Ecosse,' by Alexander Dural, in 1801.—*Paris Journal.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—P.—A. L.—M.—R.—W. J.—C. R.—J.—C.—C.—E.—D.—O.—N.—L.—R.—W.—W.—G. T.—Y.—G.—M.—received.

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